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BYGONE DAYS.

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VOL. III.

BYGONE DAYS

OR,

An Old Man's Reminiscences of His Youth

By WILHELM VON KÜGELGEN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN BERNBURG.

BERNBURG, the capital of the duchy,* is a small town lying pleasantly on both sides of the Saale, and at that time had about seven thousand inhabitants. Above the town towers picturesquely, on a rocky eminence, the very old castle, the crowning ornament of Anhalt. With majestic walls, strong towers, and an immense number of different buildings, so that it resembles a town itself, it looks down on Bernburg, and the stream which, cleaving the town in twain, flows on between vine-clad hills, green meadows, and pleasant woods. Not far from the castle, and occupying a like elevation, rises the cathedral of the land, the castle-church, or church of St. Ægidius, which

* The duchy, of which Bernburg is the capital, is that of Anhalt-Bernburg.—*Tr.*

is surrounded by an extensive lawn. Here is situated, in almost rural loneliness, the abode of the superintendent.

Sitting on my luggage, and all dusty and tired, I, on Midsummer's Eve of the year 1817, was driven up to this house in a small light car drawn by a single horse. The mail which now rolls twice a day, and in a few hours, from Ballenstedt to Bernburg along a smooth highway, went at that time twice a week, and at night, and on the bad roads it often upset, so that only the most venturesome could avail themselves of such a conveyance. Beckedorff had, therefore, hired a special vehicle for me with a cautious driver; who took, it must be confessed, twelve long hours to go five (German) miles, but, as a compensation, brought me with unbroken bones to the place of destination.

The heartiness with which the Krummachers received me delighted me not less than the cheerful beauty of the prettily-situated house; for, judging from the similar official residences I had seen in Dresden, I imagined and expected a superintendent's dwelling-place to have a spectral nakedness. I was at once conducted into a pleasant corner room with three bright windows, which looked partly toward the garden, partly toward the church and the churchyard. Here I was to live, having as companions two valiant sons of the house—Emil, a scholar of the head class in the academy, and Eduard, a scholar of the second class. The

latter, scarcely a year older than I, looked destined at the outset to be my very particular friend. The eldest son, Friedrich Wilhelm, afterwards so celebrated for his eminent rhetorical talent, was at that time a student at Jena. The youngest son, called Julius, though already advanced to the fourth class, nevertheless belonged by his years to the nursery, and sojourned in his mother's apartments. Besides these four sons, the family included two daughters—Marie, an amiable, strikingly-pretty girl of eighteen, and little Julchen, who still went to the school for tiny maidens of her age, and who did not seem inclined to assert any further claims. But she constituted an individuality, and when she was absent something seemed to be wanting at the dinner-table.

A bowl of May-drink,* artistically prepared by Marie's hand, with song and pleasant discourse added, made me speedily at home with the members of the household into which I had been introduced. I thought I had never sat down to meat at such a pleasant table, never had intercourse with such agreeable people. Arm in arm with Eduard and Emil, I dashed gaily up-stairs to our chamber at ten o'clock in the evening. As a youth thoroughly contented I went joyously to sleep.

* *Maitrank*, a beverage consisting of Rhine or Moselle wine, and a decoction of the fragrant woodroof; there are often other ingredients. —*Tr.*

THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

In the widest circles, at least as far as the German language has extended its sway, and perhaps farther, the name of Krummachers has the noblest sound. The author of the "Parables," of the "Sunday," of the "Festal Book," of the "New Year's Feast," of the "Paragraphs," and other productions, was in German lands very generally known, and very highly honoured as a writer. But how lovable he was as a man none knew but the members of his family and his nearest friends. And herein he was essentially distinguished from many other celebrated men. At court and in society, which he now and then from necessity visited, he passed for an estimable man of elegant manners. But it was needful to see him in his white *piqué* jacket and with his pipe in his mouth, sitting with his wife and children, to find the poet—and, indeed, to find much more in him than could have been expected from his writings.

He rose very early in the morning, and was busy the whole day, either in his official calling as rural bishop or in his natural calling as a poet. But from eight o'clock in the evening till bedtime he devoted himself regularly and exclusively to his family. There he sat at the head of the table with the full dignity of the house-father, but also with that kind condescension which gains the confidence of children, listened

with interest to what his own children had to communicate, and was inexhaustible in offering the richest gifts from the stores of his head and heart. If subjects of conversation were lacking, Krummacher read extracts from his favourite poets, Klopstock, Claudius, or Hebel; and a great joy it was, and it made the meaning more pregnant, to behold him when in his noble countenance, so full of mind and life, so full of frankness and the most elevated emotion, all the varieties and gradations of idea in the poem were mirrored. Or he repeated a song, an ode, or a beautiful stanza to us, till we had learned it by heart. If a family feast was celebrated, or a friend travelling through was hospitably entertained, or there was some other joyous occasion, all the guests were treated to punch, and there was singing in chorus. It was chiefly the songs of the house-father himself that were sung, which a young composer called Harder—of the greatest promise, and who died, alas! early—set to delicious music. Those were rapturous hours. All the Krummacher children sang with voices clear and pure as bells, and caught with ease by ear the tenor parts. The father sang the bass, beating time, pointed out with his hands all the beauties of the text, or of the music, and was so self-forgetting and so absorbed, that often tears of emotion gushed from his eyes. As a contrast to this he often jested and laughed with us, and excited us to the most enthusiastic merriment.

Soon I esteemed and loved this truly lovable man as I esteemed and loved no man else, except my father. Yea, I loved him fervently, and therefore I could not bring myself to address him as others did, as "Herr Doctor!" I gave him therefore the name of the "Aetti," the patronymic of the "Allemannic Poems." This name all his younger friends, following my example, continued afterwards to give him.

But likewise the devoted house-mother I greatly loved and esteemed. She was simple-hearted, straightforward, and upright, fixed her whole heart on her domestic duties, managed her house and household admirably, was full of good-humour, homely wisdom, and homely wit, was willing to drink a glass of punch with her children, and to laugh with them, as if they had been her brothers and sisters. The only way in which she made me feel that I was a stranger, was by continually giving me some preferences, and by feeding me doubly well.

Marie, too, was very kind and attentive, and, as has been said, very pretty. As a result of these characteristics, it was natural that I found myself well placed when sitting beside her at table. But on few other occasions did I see either her or her mother. Boys in the presence of young maidens have never the courage to proceed further than cherishing toward them a secret attachment. A secret attachment I cherished toward Marie.

But much freer was my intercourse with the fellow-occupants of my room. They proved to be two splendid fellows—companionable, uncorrupted; *stalwart blades*, to use the expression we were at that time in the habit of employing. Emil, the *Primaner*,* who was preparing for his *Abiturientenexamen*,† was a lively and sanguine fellow, at once a supremely fiery and supremely jovial youth. He exercised over us the despotism of seniority, of physical force, and of intelligence, a despotism to which we willingly submitted as he was the elder, the stronger, and the more learned. He as Primaner being permitted to smoke, appointed me his pipe-filler,—an office I accepted with alacrity, because it was accompanied with the privilege of lighting the pipe and having the preliminary whiffs, and these were so delicious that only with difficulty could I be brought to give the pipe up. Here, however, the matter remained, and I did not further transgress my mother's injunction.

The younger brother Eduard was small in stature but strong. He had a broad chest, a Plutonic‡ head of hair, a large honest face, and eyes that spake of honour. Indomitably industrious and sternly conscientious in

* A scholar of the head or first class.—*Tr.*

† An *Abiturient* is a scholar who, having finished his course of studies at school, leaves it for the university or for practical life. *Abiturientenexamen* is the examination of such scholar previous to his matriculation at a university. It is also called *Maturitätsprüfung* and *Abgangsprüfung*.—*Tr.*

‡ *Plutonic* is used here apparently in the sense of very black.—*Tr.*

word and deed, he was an earnest, energetic youth, calm, but in hate and in love alike pertinacious. A very great delight he had in pungent German wit; and he was himself richly endowed with brilliant fancies and comparisons; therefore we had many a hearty laugh together. Mirth very swiftly forms a bond between youths. We clung to each other in sincerity, and were as affectionate as brothers.

Once, however, our friendship sustained a rude shock. The cause of the quarrel must have been very unimportant, for it has fled entirely from my memory. Yet this at least I know, that we rushed at each other, and though our violence soon subsided, still peace was at an end. Eduard said that he was no longer my friend, and I was in the mood to let him go about his business; I went walking by myself. Henceforth we did not look at each other, did not speak a word to each other; and we remained in this fratricidal temper for eight days and eight nights, though we ate at the same table, worked at the same table, and slept in the same bed. If the elder brother had remained with us matters could not have gone so far; but he had already entered the University, and without the mediatorial aid of some one we could not again be reconciled.

By nature I was not at all implacable, and my anger would soon have died away, if Eduard had not looked so inflexibly stern. He probably had the same impres-

sion about me; and in no sense of the word were we willing to forgive each other. It chanced that at that time we had a copy of "Don Quixote" in our room. The one who had most leisure seized the book, and revelled in the drubbings and other adventures of the hero. Sometimes the reader, forgetting the presence of his foe and of all wicked spirits, could not help bursting into loud laughter. And how easily could the reader, still self-oblivious, have mentioned the comic passage! Or how natural was it for the foe to ask, "What are you laughing at?" Then all would have been peace once more. But the wicked spirits prevailed—hatred had become habitual; and when the one forgot himself and laughed, the other grew grave, and tried to look inexorably fierce.

So lived we, but probably without ourselves knowing why—lived in a kind of purgatory—from which we were unable to deliver ourselves. The deliverance was accomplished by the "Aetti." One beautiful evening he led us for a walk up the banks of the Saale, to what are called the Borna Mountains, where an orchard invited to the eating of cherries. We had not the remotest idea that he knew of our hostile feelings toward each other; when suddenly, while we were devouring the cherries, he greatly astonished us by the infinitely striking request to give each other the embrace of friendship. He knew, he said, that we had had a foolish quarrel; but he declared that

there must be thoroughly and for ever an end of the affair.

We hesitated, and looked sullen; but the resolute peace-compeller stamped impatiently with his foot, and escape was not to be thought of. Then we opened our arms like automatic figures, brought them together again, and touched each other as daintily as possible. But this frigid sham of reconciliation proved sufficient to reunite the broken links of friendship. Already, on the way back, the one occasionally laughed at the jests of the other; and before going to bed, the two chattered together frankly and friendly.

HOW TO GET INTO THE GOOD GRACES OF THE LADIES.

Bernburg was at that time famous for the beauty of its daughters; but the glory and the crown among these was Eduard's sister, the maiden of eighteen years—Marie. This charming girl was the admiration of the whole school, and, as I have already stated, she had in my heart her hidden altar, and worship, and incense. Of my secret idolatry, however, she had probably not the slightest suspicion; for unconventional youths are in the habit of keeping their tender emotions to themselves, though the longing to catch the attention of the beloved object cannot always be kept in check, and occasionally gives witness of itself in puerile and uncouth displays. In this state of mind

my friend Augustus Schönberg probably was when he could not resist the temptation to put a live mouse into the knitting-bag of the queen of his heart on her birth-day. This was not intended, nor is it to be regarded, as ill-mannered; but it was merely a fashion of keeping himself in remembrance suited to the years and the faculties of my friend; and very unhappy was he, in receiving on the spot the suitable thanks for this homage in the shape of some sharp boxes on the ear. I was sorely tempted to treat Marie to some adoration of the same kind.

She had the pleasure one fine evening of receiving a numerous company of young ladies. They were hospitably welcomed in her room, which was on the same floor as our own. Eduard was out: I was quite alone. The cheerful voices came stealing attractively to me, and I could not master the desire to contribute something to the general entertainment. By the help of my linen, I crammed out some of my clothes into the likeness of a human figure. I painted and stuck on the figure a paper face, and I crowned the hob-goblin with a three-cornered hat of the "Aetti's," which I had borrowed from a press in the hall. This scare-crow I noiselessly carried into the passage, and placed it on a chair close to the chamber of the maidens, so that it must immediately meet the glance when the door was opened. Then I listened with infinite impatience for at least an hour at the keyhole of my own door.

At last the gate of paradise opened, and Marie herself came out, and rushed back in a moment with a piercing cry, so that I also grew afraid, believing that instead of furnishing pleasure I had caused pain and alarm. There was a terrible tumult—a great opening and banging of doors followed, with wild screams, yells in chorus, and solo-cries. It was I, however, whose torment was the greatest, and I was just thinking of rushing out to remove the monster, when Christine the cook, with her kitchen-lamp, came up-stairs to the rescue. At first she also started; but soon, laughing, she told the young ladies to come out, knocked the scarecrow over with her foot, and terror soon changed to the most extravagant merriment.

Terrible was the vengeance which the haughty maidens exercised on the lifeless monster. Amid unbounded laughter, the poor ugly thing, lying helplessly on the ground, had a full blaze of light shed on it, was mocked, was tossed about and torn asunder, and even, to my great horror and shame, disembowelled. One piece of linen after another the maidens drew forth from the body, examined it minutely, and as often as my name was found on any piece, it was read aloud. "He ought to be punished in an exemplary manner!" cried a voice. But I made a swift exit through the back-door, and was not again visible that evening. I was unspeakably ashamed.

Spite of the terror, the maidens were probably a

good deal amused. So far as I was concerned, the affair bore no further fruit, except that next morning Marie, when passing, put her finger menacingly on her lip, while I looked down with a blush, on account of the scarecrow. The "Aetti," moreover, said to me very drily that I must abstain from jokes of this sort in future.

MUSICAL ACHIEVEMENTS.

Marie had a magnificent soprano voice, and gained great applause, especially from her father, who was fond of home music. But she did not find it easy to accompany herself—an obstacle which sometimes marred the joy. For a year or two I had been taking lessons on the piano. These lessons were continued in Bernburg, not because I found any special pleasure in music, but because my parents wished me to learn. It now occurred to me to turn these lessons to such good account that I could accompany Marie when she sang. This was a new incitement to my zeal. To play the musical accompaniments to such a singer elevated my heart, flattered my vanity—was a delightful duty, for the "Aetti" could now hear his daughter sing much more frequently. Marie sang with rapture for her father—with still keener delight I played for her—so that we were all three satisfied and gratified.

The better, however, our home concerts sounded and succeeded, the more my liking for music in itself

increased, the warmer at times grew my desire for more independent musical execution. But the piano did not seem to me quite fitted to supply the want. In truth, the piano was so far not amiss, that it brought me into more satisfactory contact with Marie than the ingenious idea realised or incorporated in the stuffed scarecrow. In themselves, however, the frigid hammering sounds of the piano were irksome to me, and the more so because the instruments of that time were as inferior in tone to those of the present day as the drums of children are to kettle-drums. How far different must the joy be, I thought, how far more heavenly the delight, if those keys would sing as Marie's voice sang, or even as the strings of the violin. My instructor, Herr Schmelzer, who was likewise organist in the church of Saint Ægidius, reproached me for not practising enough. I said, with a sigh, that I could have no objections to do so if the sounds were sweeter, and if the jingle-jingle did not tire me to death. Then the excellent man at once proposed lessons on the organ.

Who was happier than I when I ascended the organ-loft for the first time, and before all things Schmelzer conducted me into the inside of the colossal instrument, in order to explain its mechanism! There stood the pipes, like regiments in battle array—iron and wooden, thick-bodied and slim-bodied, finger-long dwarfs and house-high giants, in thickly-pressed ranks

near, above, and below each other—a mighty host! Schmelzer said that if they were all to lift up their voices at once the windows would be shattered as by the thunder of cannon.

In the command of this brave instrument I was now to be exercised, and I devoted myself to the new study with exceeding zeal. It is true that the unwonted *handling*, or more rather *footing*, of the pedals brought on at first cramp in my calves, which, however, was gradually overcome. Already, after some weeks, my instructor encouraged me to venture in a short time to play the voluntary at the conclusion of the service—for he remarked that only he had the full enjoyment of an art who was bold enough to practise it in public. An easy piece I was so thoroughly drilled in, that I could have played it with my eyes shut, and could look forward with confidence to the public display. But when, on the occasion selected, the service had come to a close, the "Aetti" had said Amen, and the concluding verse was sung, the affair shaped itself very differently. A horrible hesitation seized my soul, and not without difficulty did I force myself to occupy the organist's seat. The benediction was pronounced, the "Aetti" was silent—and the organ was silent too!

Schmelzer gave me a jog and said—"Dash off! dash off!"

Assuredly I dashed off. Whether I made the right

use of my feet and the right use of my hands I cannot say; one thing, however, is certain—the church in a moment was empty.

At dinner the "Aetti" expressed astonishment at the final feat achieved by the organ. He said that Schmelzer was too fond of learned music, and that such dissonances were almost intolerable. I blushed one of my deepest blushes and confessed that I was the offender.

"Well then, my boy," replied the Aetti, "do not make yourself uneasy; no one is born a master, and at least, it must be admitted that you despatched the congregation fast enough!"

In truth, I did not allow myself to be discouraged by my unfortunate first attempt. I was faithful to the organ, and I at least so far saved my honour, that I played at sundry times to the *Aetti's* satisfaction.

TWO PULPITS.

I cannot deny that in general I found Protestant public worship little to my taste. Endless preachings and hymns readily succeeded in putting me into a state of painful impatience. In Bernburg matters were tolerable, though the church itself, rebuilt by Prince Victor Amadeus at the beginning of the eighteenth century, was distinguished by tastelessness to the utmost conceivable point, and revealed the frivolous spirit of that

time. After the Reformist* fashion, it had neither altar nor any spiritual symbol, and bedaubed with blue paint, and with its double rows of boxes, it resembled the hall fitted up for fancy balls in a tavern of the second-class, and which has been decorated at a cheap rate. The only symbolical specimen of the fine arts of which it could boast was close to the ducal box or seat—a colossal armorial representation, which covered the whole of the altar-wall, and was supported by two gigantic bears rampant with black hair and golden crowns, that seemed to stand forth as the special and sole objects of adoration.

When at a later period I was travelling in the Tyrol, I was asked by a peasant what animal I was in the habit of worshipping! His priest had told him that the whole difference between Catholics and Protestants consists in this—that the former worship God, while the latter adore some kind of animal. The peasant's question brought back to me the castle-church of Bernburg. This church had, when I resided at Bernburg, little charm for me, and still less the hymns sung in the church—the would-be-wise, rationalistic, prosaic style of which was irksome to me. But, as a compensation, the service was only half the length of that in Lutheran Saxony, and the preacher was no one else than my own beloved "Aetti."

* *Reformist* is here nearly used in the sense in which we employ the word *Calvinist*, when not so much a theological doctrine as an ecclesiastical system or organisation is designated.—*Tr.*

The "Aetti" was, perhaps, at that time in a transitional state, from subjective piety of heart to the belief in the revealed Word of God—and therefore his preaching, like his whole being, bore the double character of question and answer—of seeking and finding. The humility of the one aspect of the matter, and the joyousness of the other, revealed themselves in him and his discourse.

Roller's preaching reposed—yea, it sometimes slept, on the objective basis of a firmly and completely crystallised ecclesiastical dogmatism; while Krummacher made discoveries, and then, profoundly moved, and with exalted inspiration, testified of that which had become personally clear to him. Lifeless enthusiasm fatigues sooner and more provokingly than soporific speech, if the latter has a suitable and worthy subject. But my dear "Aetti" was a poet by God's grace, was a man of genius, had "salt in himself," and his words were "spirit and life," and were fierily transfused by a breath of that living love and cordial sympathy which go straight to the heart.

However, to feel all the influence of this man, it was necessary to behold him. He wore, indeed, no sixteenth-century surplice, like the Lutherans, but, according to the Reformist fashion, stood in the pulpit simply with his black coat, and the small silken gown worn by parish clerks, which was then a portion of clerical costume, and hung down the back in light folds. Yet

he looked like a true prophet of the Church, and the transfigured expression of his noble countenance preached not less eloquently than his words. I should have been glad to throw my arms round his neck if I could have reached him in his lofty pulpit.

When, however, with this purpose in my heart, I once went after the service in the church to his room, I found him in manifest emotion. It seemed as if he had been weeping, perhaps even praying. I was on the point of withdrawing just as I had come, but he called me back; and when he heard what had induced me to seek him, he clasped me fervently to his heart. In later years he confessed to me that at that time I had been a solace to him, because he had left the pulpit with his mind profoundly discouraged. His large church was always crowded with worshippers; they sat packed together, and listened with edification to their bishop, while the bishop accused himself of lacking the gift of bringing home the truth to the heart of the hearer. To timid theological aspirants he was in the habit of saying that they must open their mouth with power, and imagine that it was nothing but cabbage heads they were addressing. He himself, however, was so far from regarding the congregation as a cabbage-garden, as often to lament that he who preached to them was so unskilful.

So modest was this man, that he did not take it amiss when I questioned him about one expression or

another which he had used, and which had offended me, as jarring with certain principles in which I had been educated. He always put himself on an intellectual equality with me in the kindest manner—set me right, or sometimes admitted that I really was right.

"You have the literal meaning in your favour," he once said to me; "and perhaps it is best for you to adhere to the literal meaning. Remain faithful to what you have learned."

On the whole, it troubled me little that the Reformists had a different idea of the sacraments from us Lutherans. They had the thing itself, and they appeared to draw near to the table of the Lord with the same contrition and the same faith in the atoning blood of Christ as we. When, therefore, the Krummacher family partook of the communion, I did not shut myself out—and neither I nor others saw therein a falling away from my Church. It is true there were in Bernburg a number of Lutherans to whom the Holy Supper was from time to time administered by a Lutheran ecclesiastic, in the small chapel which was connected with the burial-ground, and which was allotted to their use. And the "Aetti" wished me at first to be present at the celebration. I felt, however, even then, that communion of faith is a stronger bond than any outward ecclesiastical adhesion; and the upright heart's belief of my highly esteemed foster-father was

more edifying to me than the orthodox formula of administration which in that chapel was certainly employed, but by no means cordially and conscientiously accepted. Likewise I can truly say that at that time I was not less moved by the holy rite when at the simple table of the Reformists, than when at my native altars.

However, I did not content myself with the services in the church of St. Ægidius. I sometimes sought commune with another preacher, whose discourses did not pierce less keenly into my heart than those of the "Aetti." This other preacher was a Catholic, and his pulpit hung on the outside of the castle-wall, like a swallow's nest, and high above the foaming Saale. There snugly sat the congregation, consisting of me only, and it was from my pocket that the preacher was brought.

To turn the beautiful summer Sundays to the best profit, I rose earlier than usual, and went out into the open air before breakfast. My favourite ramble was to the castle-garden, which was not far off, and was enclosed by crenulated walls, and which, with its orange trees in tubs, its dwarf trees, and its clipped hedges, had the greatest charm for me. A view of the remoter landscape was of course shut out. But a small doorway had been made in the old wall, and the doorway led to a little stone balcony which hung unobstructed above the declivity of the rock. When the

spectator got out into this balcony, an extensive and surprisingly beautiful picture was disclosed to him. His glance fell almost perpendicularly on the Saale, which, gliding through meadows, bushy grounds, and woods, burst in its whole breadth, foaming over a dam at the foot of the castle-rock; then, with dancing waves, it flowed on between the Altstadt and the Bergstadt of Bernburg. The city's picturesque groups of houses, its towers, its streets, its squares, lay like playthings on the banks. Beyond, the spectator perceived the vine-covered hills and the fields, and finally the distant Brocken, crowning the scene like a mass of vapour.

The discovery of this balcony I regarded as a chief gain of my Bernburg life. I visited it diligently, and listened here in the secrecy of solitude to the soft persuasive preaching of the old mystic, whose book on the "Imitation of Christ" had been given me by Beckedorff, and whose words touched my youthful heart like the tones of an Æolian harp. Then the morning gleamed up around me enchantingly in light and colour, the smoke from the city curled up in the air, the stream rushed on below me, and my heart melted in sweetest enthusiasm. Oh, it is indescribable what raptures and felicities a youth's soul is capable of when it shakes off the dust of the school!

My Christianity, it must be confessed, was much more a kind of sacred pastime, or sacred enjoyment,

than a solemn submission to the chastisement of the Divine Word; and beyond that point I never passed during the whole of my youthful days. The soul lived festive hours—hours worthy of Paradise, because the bridegroom was still present; therefore the soul ate and exulted, and was in the mood to taste all pleasant things. I was well instructed in spiritual things—knew well the dogmas of my Church, and did not in the least question the corruption of my nature; but I did not let any grey hairs grow on my head merely because I practically experienced or recognised too little the power of evil in myself. Sin still for the most part slept in my members, and when it awoke I scarcely knew it—scarcely knew its poison. I thought I could easily subdue sin, as soon as I liked; and it could not have appeared more natural to the philosophical Emperor Marcus Aurelius to be a good man than it appeared to me. Yea, when I leaned against the parapet of the balcony, and the glory of creation was transfigured into the temple of God, and from the tender words of the old Father Thomas the persuasive voice of the Saviour stole into my heart, I almost resolved to be a saint. I neither experimentally felt the stern immovableness of heaven nor my own weakness; I did not know how pride, selfishness, and sensuality still chained me down to the depths of vileness.

Usually these ecstatic excitements continued only so long as I remained on the balcony, as long as the Saale

rushed, as long as the city at my feet sent up its smoke to the sky, as long as the enchantments of an antique mysticism were woven round me. Far different was my mood and inclination when life offered me real scope and opportunity to be holy.

THE SCHOOL.

The way to school was long, and it had to be travelled over four times a day, and at a trot, too. This was no very difficult affair when we were going to school, for the road was then down-hill; but it became a formidable trial to the lungs when we were coming back. We had to go through the whole Bergstadt, over the bridge, through the market-place, and almost to the end of the Altstadt. Then before us we beheld the old Gothic St. Mary's Church. Close to it was the school, which, no more than the church, was remarkable for youthfulness. It was a gloomy pile, angular and abrupt, a sombre catacomb, as ancient and unattractive as the corpses which were here dug up—namely, dead languages and grammar. When you entered, you felt as if all fresh verdure were for ever at an end.

Nevertheless, I cherish emotions of a grateful kind toward those old grim and grimy school-buildings, which were much better than they looked. Behind their sullen and crabbed faces there was, after the

German fashion, a very vivacious spirit; and youthful joyousness was certainly not less expanded and expended there than in the frigid pretentiousness of our modern school palaces. Work also went on not less vigorously in the former than in the latter, though in a different manner. The attention was not fixed on so many subjects; the time was less frittered away; and more scope was offered to private industry. In the present day, without question, more is taught than is learned; at that period the contrary was the case. A special importance was attached to the Latin language, which held the same relation to the other branches of knowledge which Jupiter holds to his satellites, and was law and standard for everything else. It is true, we could learn other things if we liked; but Latin we had to learn, whether we liked or not. Any one who went through a school took with him for life this one language as a sure gain, and as a foundation for further study.

The very day after my arrival, I had to submit to be examined in Latin by the rector himself. I was admitted to the third remove, or class, but as the lowest in it. I was so far glad of this modest result, that as my education had been so often interrupted, I did not expect to enter a higher class than the fourth, notwithstanding that I was fourteen years old. On the other hand, it was certainly humiliating to me, that among the twenty-nine Tertians above me there was many

a little child, whose extreme juvenility was marked by the bird-like voice. I had, therefore, to gather up all my energies, in order to be promoted at the next general advancement. I had to work hard, and in my endeavour to do so, the characteristic qualities and endowments of my teacher had a stimulating effect on me.

This teacher, Professor Fr. Günther, was, though still young, already known to the learned world, and was eminently adapted by nature to be an instructor. To agreeable exterior, refined manners, a charming jocoseness, he joined the marvellously happy gift of enriching and enlivening the memory of nearly all his scholars, because he had the art of interesting them in the subjects he discoursed on. I was diligent in a far greater degree than I had ever been before, and I made good progress even in Greek, which I had not previously studied, but to which I now devoted myself in private with such excellent result, that I was able in a few months to share the instruction given in the class.

At Michaelmas there was a general advancement. Some Tertians passed into the second class; and some Quartans, among them Julius Krummacher, filled up the ranks. The class was now shut in for a trial of the skill of its members, and a Latin theme was given to ascertain comparative ability, and distribute the places. It was a contest in which every one doubtless

did his best. Next morning, on my way to the school, Günther touched me in passing, and congratulated me. Yet I did not know why till I arrived at school, and by the pupils already present was proclaimed and saluted as Primus, or head of the class.

Primus! These are two little syllables. But who has ever studied in a school without knowing the greatness of their signification? The Primus is the king at the target-shooting, and must be the best shot: he is the first among all, and the high dignitary of his class. I felt as if I were dreaming. I certainly expected not to be left among the last; but to be the first, how could I be bold enough to hope? I could now write to my parents that I had become something. Besides, I could now sit in the pleasant corner just below the professor's chair, where my predecessor, a lad called Stieler, from Berlin, had looked so majestic. That was assuredly an abundance of bliss. And yet it proved to be a dream, a deception, like all earthly happiness!

It is true I was Primus, or "Beerpug," to follow the name given by the wit of the schoolboys, and took at once my place as "Beerpug," or Primus; only, however, on the ground of Günther's examination of my theme. But I now learned that the scholars were by no means bound to submit in trust and faith to his decision, and claimed the right of subjecting the themes to their own supreme inspection. Every theme had to

pass once through every hand, and each scholar endeavoured to be a severer critic than his neighbours, and to discover flaws, if possible. There was a merciless gleaning of blunders that had been overlooked.

The reckoning was made according to whole and half mistakes. Grammatical errors were whole mistakes; while slips of the pen were half mistakes. I who had committed neither the one nor the other, and who had no interest in depreciating the scholars holding a lower rank, looked with indifference at the themes placed before me. Suddenly the voice of my neighbour was heard. He, on account of the high key in which he spoke, was called the "Chirping Bird," by way of nickname. In my theme he had been fortunate enough to discover three half mistakes—omitted dots, and the like. And as he himself had only one whole mistake, though it was a very serious grammatical blunder, it followed, as a matter of course, that he was the real "Beerpug."

A higher justice had decided, for this "Chirping Bird" was really a better scholar than I. From my distinguished corner I had to depart, and the "Chirping Bird" immediately settled in it, or on it, as if he had been born there. Günther held out his hand to congratulate him, while he expressed his regret for exciting false hopes in my heart. And that was the end of this learned history.

Next to Günther among those who were the in-

structors in the third class,* I was best pleased with our rector, Professor Gottfried Herzog. He was then a man of rather more than fifty; but his stooping gait and his gray hair made him look much older. Both these ills, it was said, had come upon him suddenly and together. One of his boarders, the son of an early friend, had been drowned when bathing in the Saale. The grief caused by this fatality, as well as by the implacableness of the parents, accompanied him, it was stated, to the grave. Herzog had originally been a theologian, but at the university his faith had begun to be shaken. He, therefore, from a noble conscientiousness, refused to accept any ecclesiastical office, but had preferred teaching instead, in which he thought he could make shift to do without supernaturalism; and herein he was not mistaken. As to the rest, he was an excellent schoolmaster, and had essentially raised the reputation of the Bernburg Academy. Without fuss or noise, or remarkable strictness, he had the skill, both with teachers and scholars, to maintain the authority which belonged to him. It is true that among ourselves we never called him anything but "Old Gottfried," but this as little implied lack of respect as in Prussia the designation of "Old Fritz" applied to a great king.

* In Protestant schools the first class is the highest class, in Catholic schools it is the lowest. The third class, therefore, spoken of here is the third from the top. The great schools of England form, I believe, the only exception to the usual Protestant rule.—*Tr.*

All I learned in the third class I owed chiefly to the influence of these two men, who inspired me with a special liking for the ancient languages, so that I achieved therein more than was absolutely necessary. For instance, for my own amusement I translated into German the whole of the dull Eutropius, who was not read in school. The other teachers and collaborators, if they did not make so deep an impression on me, did me at least no harm. Yea, two of them—the cantor and the teacher of French—helped in an opposite direction the class to have the real and full enjoyment of school life—for they were made victims for the moral restraint which the Bernburg School, after the fashion of other schools, imposed.

It is probably always a difficult thing for a cantor in classical schools to gain even the slenderest respect. At least our cantor had not that gift or good luck. When he was instructing us in writing and arithmetic, and when the class felt the need of diversion, all sorts of tricks were played upon him, and sometimes these were continued out of school. Much he bore patiently, partly from indolent good-nature, and partly from physical shortsightedness. But when the insults were too flagrant, his boundless violence made matters worse.

Thus it came to pass that during one of the vacant quarters of an hour when most of our rogueries were performed, one of the scholars clambered up the outer

wall of the church, higher than a man's height, to stick part of his lunch into the mouth of a little saint who was placed there. He said that during *multis sæculis*, or many ages, that mouth had been open, and it was time to put something into it. But it was winter, and the stone projections of the church were so cold that the compassionate climber having lost his hold, soon came clattering down. At that moment the cantor came in sight round the corner. He had repeatedly forbidden the scholars to climb the walls of the church; and as his feeble eyes probably had at that particular instant an increased strength, he dealt to the offending scholar the most vigorous cuff his cantorial hands could give, and the cuff was on the spot returned.

This reciprocated blow was an offence coming within the jurisdiction of the senate. But though the culprit, instead of being relegated, merely suffered incarceration, yet it was thought that some atonement should have been made even for this. Blow for blow, we logically concluded, would have amply sufficed. But incarceration was a new distinction, which had first to be earned. It was therefore resolved to make the Herr Cantor suffer in some ignominious fashion he was not likely to forget.

When, a short time after, the said Herr Cantor appeared on the ice, he was most courteously entreated to take his place in a small hand-sledge. This was an act of politeness we were in the habit of showing

to the more beloved of our teachers, but to which the cantor had not been accustomed. He probably thought that in the affair of the cuffs there had been complete atonement and complete oblivion—accepted, with a self-satisfied smile, the offer, and away the sledge darted, as if swept on by a whirlwind. Who pushed him on he knew not—indeed, we scarcely knew ourselves, for six or eight runners swarmed round the swift sledge, which every moment was in fresh hands. It seemed as if there was an ardent rivalry to have the honour of doing service to the Herr Cantor. Thus rushed we on with him, and so wildly, that he almost lost his senses. When the runners were suddenly turning the light carriage they contrived to upset it, and the unfortunate occupant was hurled ten paces forward with some violence, and was fortunate in escaping unhurt.

Flinging fierce reproaches at the execrable carelessness of him, whosoever he was, who had been the cause of this catastrophe, we begged pardon a thousand times, helped our fallen friend to rise, compelled him, in our exceeding affection, again to get into the sledge, and the old game began anew. At first we went very slowly, then gradually faster and faster, and soon we bounded forward with the fury of the hurricane. For the second time the sledge, in the midst of great lamentation, was stranded on the hard ice. He whom we had pretended to do homage to could not be induced

to mount into the sledge a third time, but limped on foot to the distant bank.

I must confess that though at that time I was studying the "Imitation of Christ," I never for a moment thought that when taking part on the ice in this outrageous joke, I was doing anything wrong. We can be, according to the occasion, alternately godlike and godless. At all events, I have to thank the grace of God that I did not, in the circumstances narrated, become a murderer.

But the teacher of French was destined still more than the cantor to rouse the savage playfulness of the class. He was a Frenchman by birth, a small withered man, with hair black as pitch, and a lemon-coloured complexion—the latter of which we were inclined to ascribe not merely to his Celtic origin, but also to the circumstance that Monsieur never washed himself; for, as the above-mentioned Prince Putjatin in Dresden ascribed all the miseries of life to the eating of untoasted bread, so Monsieur attributed them all to the washing of the human body. He held this washing to be the equivalent of murder; and certainly he bore in himself the proof that his filthiness had no bad effect, so far at least as his stomach was concerned, for he had a magnificent appetite, could eat in season and out of season, as much as he liked, and with a digestion quite equal to his appetite. There was a story that he once, when engaged with the first class, had stowed

away in his ravenous stomach, and before the eyes of all, a roast turkey, which a scholar from the country had offered him for breakfast. After the repast he threw open his pea-coloured coat, and slapped his hollow abdominal region, as a sign that there was still room for more.

This man of learning had a favourite idea, to which the speculations of the Romanic race seem generally to incline. Like the celebrated Descartes, he felt himself compelled to regard the brutes as mere machines. Fontenelle when reproached for ill-using his dog said: "Cela ne sent rien"—"It does not feel." Our Frenchman likewise, in direct contradiction to the meaning of the word *animal*, maintained that *animals* had no souls.

"The brute has no soul," he was accustomed to assert by way of instructing us; and he clung with such invincible obstinacy to this view, that all the proofs of mental power which we, to make the time given to the lesson the shorter, were able to bring forward in reference to dogs, cats, rats, and canaries, could not shake his convictions. His reasons were, to a certain extent, of a religious kind. He said that it would be impossible for him to devour the most indubitably dead herring if it had once possessed a soul; and if we ate cheese and butter, and believed it to be derived from something endowed with a soul, we were cannibals. If we carried our contradiction to his theories too far, he

burst into the maddest Berserker rage, and with the first ruler at hand he showered blows at the first head that came in his way—a liveliness, or liberty, which no one was inclined to resent. He also on such occasions mutilated the German language frightfully.

It was in circumstances of a totally different kind that I saw the ire of this Gaul most roused. We had in our class a lad as tall as a tree, and about eighteen years old—a good-hearted creature, who from defective faculty had, so to speak, suffered shipwreck when he got among the Tertians. As *lucus a non lucendo,* he was called "Kiau," though he had anything but a superfluity of wit. He had a nose of enormous length, which towered out far from his face. This nose brought upon him ceaseless mockery. Among other things, the scholars, making a hard attempt to joke, said that in the evening, after the sun had set, "Kiau" lay down on the cool bank of the Saale, dipped his nose in the water, and that not merely smerlins and gudgeons, but carps, salmon, and sturgeons snapped at it, and were easily caught. It was from feeding on fish he had grown so tall! When these and the like calumnies were flung at him, "Kiau" protested with the most serious and innocent air that the accusations were false.

Now it once chanced that in the play-hour this "Kiau," with his hands behind his back, was leaning against the stove, and gazing with vacant soul at vacancy. Meanwhile one of the scholars, a very small

but very active fellow, called Fiedler, mounted the stove from the opposite side, and crept along on the top till his face was just above "Kiau's" nose. Suddenly he seized the dreamer by the snout, and violently pulled up "Kiau's" head.

Poor "Kiau," who neither knew how the affair had occurred, nor how he could tear his nose from this hook, made a frightful bellowing, while those of the scholars who were standing near thumped the tormentor with rulers and book-straps till he loosed his hold. But this was not deemed punishment enough. Little Fiedler was taken down from the stove, and the scholars, magnanimously indignant at the abominable treatment of the innocent "Kiau," condemned with one voice Fiedler to the gallows. Soon some handkerchiefs were twined and tied together, the extemporised rope was drawn round under Fiedler's arms, and he was suspended over the professor's chair. There he hung in the middle of the black board like a medallion, but not so quietly—furiously he darted his arms and legs about; and less in pain than in wrath at the violence exercised, abundant streams flowed from his troubled face.

At this moment we heard some one turning the handle of the door, and in a moment we were all in our places. The French teacher, who was much behind his time, entered, and on looking at the sufferer, seemed thunderstruck. But when he discovered that

the condemned criminal was his most diligent pupil and his most admired favourite, he burst into unbridled fury. He said that what we had done was detestable, and he commanded us to take down the boy at once. But no one stirred. A shout was raised that the creature suspended was not a "boy," but a "soulless beast." There was a second cry that the animal before them was a fish that had seized and been seized by "Kiau's" nose. The third declaration, however, was that the animal was a parricide, for that both in age and in size "Kiau" could be his father. At last there was a general hubbub of voices, and the stupefied Frenchman, who could only half understand the affair, and above all could not see what "Kiau," with his swollen nose, had to do with it, rushed breathing vengeance out of the school, to fetch the rector.

It was now high time to take down from the "gallows" the "little fish." We wiped his face in haste, got him into his seat, and when the rector entered, we were sitting like modest and well-mannered youths at our French exercises. I, as *custos morum* for the time being, had to give an account of what had occurred. I did so with the utmost veraciousness, and, with the exception of the virtuous "Kiau," the whole class was, for the gratification and satisfaction of the Frenchman, punished with an hour's confinement.

CHAPTER IV.

A DECISION FOR LIFE.

FROM the previous chapter it may be seen that it was possible to lead in Bernburg a tolerably agreeable life. In church and in school, in house and in garden, alone and in society, I found enough to profit and delight; and I was quite aware of my advantages. Yet the time to Christmas, when I was to go home, seemed to me an eternity. To shorten it I fell upon a happy thought. Every evening I effaced with white paint the departed day on my sheet almanack; thus, in a certain measure, annihilating it once more. This plan I recommend to other impatient scholars, for thus they can vividly realise to themselves the ever more perceptible decrease of what of the period still indestructibly remains.

Finally came the last stroke of the pencil. With a joyous heart and good testimonials as my armour and store, I got into the mail-coach, and on Christmas Eve I once again entered my Dresden home. And now

there was gladness with and for old and young. My brother was absent, it is true. But the Christmas-tree, with its splendour and its gifts, was accepted as a compensation.

On my table, as an adjunct to the indispensable wax tapers and the gingerbread, stood a magnificent box of odorous cedar-wood, filled with two rows of the finest English paints, so that the heart laughed and leaped up at the mere sight of them. It was a very grand spectacle indeed, and stimulated me, as the red pencil once incited my teacher Roller, to an immediate trial. By the light of the tree, in all impatience and bustle, and merely wetting the brush in my mouth, I went to work. I had not begun with any definite intention; I wished merely to learn the nature and the effect of the new paints. I therefore drew the brush hither and thither carelessly on a small plate of ivory. Soon, however, the work interested me; for veiled, and with a halo, the half-length delineation of a *Mater Dolorosa* began to take shape, bursting from the clouds. It did not, however, look like my own creation, and I thought that if any one were to write under it Carlo Marlatti, or Dolce, or Julio Romano, or Tintoretto, or sundry others, scarcely any reasonable objection could be made. My father wanted to see what I was doing. He took the drawing, and said—

"You must make me a present of this."

Next morning I was the involuntary listener to a

conversation very flattering to my vanity. My father—who did not know that I was in the next room, could hear everything, and was revelling on a sofa in the beauties of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered"—showed to his friend Hartmann the trial I had been making of the paints.

"That," cried he, "my son painted last evening by the light of the Christmas-tree, merely wetting the brush in his mouth."

Hartmann laughed, and replied—

"If he were my son, I could devour the youth in my delight. He is a painter born."

It is often difficult to distinguish between what we from native force accomplish or create, and what accidentally, and in fragmentary fashion, springs from us as instruments. We can experience or occasion a whole series of results with which we really have as little to do as the English had with gaining the battle of Waterloo. And if on that account we ascribe to ourselves extraordinary endowments, we may look forward to some most crushing disenchantments. My *Mater Dolorosa* might really have no other origin than an accidental success. But if the two old master-workmen recognised in the picture the signs of genius, I could scarcely be blamed for believing them.

From my childhood it had been accepted in our family as an article of faith that I was to be a painter; but recently Beckedorff's warnings had perplexed me.

Besides, carried away by the Latinising currents of the school, I had grown fond of certain studies, so that the thought of devoting myself wholly to them was by no means disagreeable to me. I had already communicated to my parents my ideas and feelings on the subject, and I was certain that they would place no hinderance in the way of my inclination, what direction soever it might take. While, however, I imagined it to be a very laudable thing to promote the weal of my fellow-men at the green-table* or in the pulpit, yet I could not get rid of a certain fancy or sentiment which prevented me from coming to a final and firm resolution. For instance, I imagined the case that at some future period, when it was too late to turn back, I as a man advanced in official studies accidentally entered a painter's studio, and saw the pictures and the painter's instrumentalities, and took into my nostrils the old familiar smell of the varnishes and the paints, and whether I might not then burst into a flood of tears and bitterly regret the choice of a profession I had made. And, on the other hand, if I were really to become a painter, and if it was afterwards to be discovered that it was with me as with nine out of every ten painters—that is to say, that I had no natural genius for art—what must I then do?

* The green table is the official table, desk, or board. It sometimes means, though not here, the gambling-table, so that to shun the green table signifies to avoid gambling.—*Tr.*

It was in this doubting mood that I had come to Dresden to take part in the Christmas festivities. That praise of my talents, however, which I had accidentally heard, as well as the whole artistic atmosphere of my father's house, failed not to exercise a decided influence on me. And when in quiet, confiding twilight hours, the conversation turned on my future career, I declared to my parents my desire to be a painter. The expression of that desire corresponded with their own most ardent and cordial wish. But my father said that if I had uttered my genuine liking, I must—no pleasant or easy thing for me—soon leave school, seeing that it was impossible to be first a Master of Arts, and then an artist, and that he who at twenty had not finished a picture, had better abstain from painting altogether. I was, however, permitted to prolong my residence at Bernburg, as it was deemed better for me to leave school as a student of the second than of the third class. To that point of scholastic advancement my father in his time had himself gone, and had thus laid in a stock of erudition sufficient for life. And there seemed no reason why I should be more stupid or more learned than he himself was.

The most important decision in regard to my career had now been taken. With childlike delight I dwelt with hope on my future calling; and enchanted by the golden gleam of coming days, I departed one beautiful morning from Dresden. Accompanied by my father,

who, during the vacation, had shown me more kindness than at any time before, I walked on foot a considerable way before the coach in which I had booked my place. My father was so exceedingly tender and loving, that when we were about to part he urged me to ask some favour from him. I naturally asked permission to smoke, and my request was granted; with, however, the limitation that I was not to smoke more than one pipe in the week. To this condition I agreed. When the coach came up and I got in, my excellent father said to me once more—

"If you cannot absolutely abstain, fill a second pipe and say, 'My father forbade me to do this; nevertheless, I do it.'"

In these words there was wisdom, for they sharpened my conscience, while they made the chain less binding.

Having arrived at Meissen, which was the station where the travellers were to dine, I ran to the turner's shop and bought a pipe—one, too, that would hold a good deal of tobacco, for, faithful to duty, I determined to fill my pipe only once a week; but not to smoke merely once, rather on the contrary, to be able to avail myself under circumstances of every favourable moment. It was in this fashion I smoked for years, and at the end of the week my pipe of tobacco was so completely consumed, that from the ashes not the smallest particle of a tobacco-leaf could have been discovered. I also bought a paper of tobacco, and with

this in the one hand and my long-tasselled pipe in the other, I marched up the hill on which the cathedral stands, to pay a visit before dinner to that beautiful church.

The door of the church stood open, and though choristers were singing in the organ-loft, this did not astonish me, for I thought that the cantor was instructing his scholars. In a very free-and-easy fashion I lounged about in the nave of the church with my long pipe, went from one object to another, and at last halted before the altar in order to contemplate the old picture. Then I heard some one behind me gravely saying—"Divine service is going on here."

I looked round, and before me stood an ecclesiastic in full clerical attire.

Much ashamed, I took refuge in the nearest seat, heard a portion of the Holy Scripture read, and the responses following. I could not have wished for anything better. Not till things are used do we know the true worth of them. The cathedral was now devoted to its proper purpose, and its array of beautiful pillars and its Gothic arches received a fresher and a grander meaning from the sacred words spoken at the altar, just as these received new elevation from the sublime majesty of the regal pile. I fell into a devotional mood, and could not tear myself away, especially as the organ began again to sound, and poured forth the tones of another choral song.

One more verse, the last, I intended to listen to, and then to hasten away and get something to eat before the coach started. It was high time, and I had already begun to put myself in movement and to depart, but, to my consternation, the black form of the pastor rose up before me in the pulpit. I, however, stretched out my legs to resume my former position, for I found it impossible to get up so much courage as to scamper off straight under the nose of the preacher. No less impossible, however, was it for me to remain, unless I wished to sacrifice my dinner, or possibly be left behind by the coach. Again I drew up my feet as if about to go, and again I stretched out my legs as if about to remain. Finally, I fell into a state of great irresolution and discouragement, as if I had been one of the silly mortals described by Richter. I was plainly a prisoner.

I reflected that the coach was sure to wait for me, or that the preacher was sure to stop. The preacher certainly, for the benefit of us both, could have begun and ended by pronouncing the benediction; but, probably, he had not had any hearer for a long time. He therefore availed himself of the opportunity, and deliberately delivered all the three parts of his discourse.

It is a common saying, that he who speaks amuses himself best when in society. This was manifestly the case here. For while I heard nothing but words, which, like sand, rained down upon me and threatened to bury and choke me, the preacher declaimed with

increasing delight and verbosity. The more zealously he filled my ears, the more empty was I in my soul; and the more firmly he rooted himself in the pulpit, the more loosely I sat on my seat. I thought he had resolved to live and to die in the pulpit, as of old Simeon Stylites determined to live and die on his pillar. From one side to the other I moved, thrust my hands into my pockets, pulled them out again, blew my nose, and doubted whether I could survive the sermon.

In these desperate circumstances the *Amen* came upon me almost as a surprise—like an enchanter's stroke, it changed the whole situation and shattered my chains. As flies a sparrow from the opened hand of the birdcatcher, so fled I with my long pipe, rushed down the cathedral hill, and heard from afar the impatient coachman cracking his whip. All the passengers except myself were already in the coach, and when I made my apologetic statement, I was told that doubtless the pastor was quite as much annoyed by *me* as I was annoyed by *him;* for it was declared that unless I had sat still the pastor would not have been fool enough to preach. As a solace to my feelings, I took the first whiffs out of my new pipe, and looked forward with pleasure to supper.

The remainder of the journey must have been on the whole satisfactory, for I remember nothing about it. When I got to Bernburg once more I had nothing in my mind but drawing and painting, and I could

not abstain in my leisure hours from the most earnest and energetic artistic activity before Eduard's astonished eyes. First of all, I prepared charcoal crayon; I turned upside down an old flower-stand, and stretched some grey packing-paper thereon; and very unnecessarily I darkened the chamber, so as to convert it into a painting studio. How indescribably happy I felt when all was ready, and one Sunday afternoon I sat down before my paper to commence with a *Mater Dolorosa* of life-size. But Eduard raised opposition. He said I must paint something vigorous, an Ajax, or Diomedes, or, better still, a wrathful prophet.

Artists are always dependent on their public, and except Eduard I had no public. I had therefore to yield to his desire, and I drew the massive head of a man with shaggy hair, disordered beard, and rolling eyes, liker a madman, as I now believe, than a wrathful prophet. The work proceeded rapidly, and the public, namely Eduard, took the liveliest interest. Only with the costume was Eduard disposed to find fault. He maintained that a valiant prophet must always have a naked and hairy breast. With this demand I complied, threw open the prophet's garment, and disclosed a wild wilderness of hair. Exclaiming "Magnificent!" Eduard seemed quite satisfied. But next day my *opus* filled me with such disgust that I destroyed it. With like result many more pictures were painted, and much time was wasted. But, spite of my artistic amusements and

achievements, I was so far from neglecting my school studies that I and my neighbour, the "Chirping Bird," moved at the Easter advancement into the second class.

Into the second class! This is the most important promotion which occurs in Latin schools; it is the entrance from the *propylæum* into the very temple itself. No doubt there is in the lower classes much that is admirably wise; but not till we enter the second class do we discover why we learn anything, because what we have learned has here some practical application, and bears fruit. And, as a rule, not before entrance into this class is the true impulse to work felt. It was only, however, with half heart that I now belonged to the school; and if I rejoiced in the rapid bound from the third class to the second, it was mainly because I regarded it as the first step, and as the condition of my speedy departure from the school altogether. I informed my parents that I had proceeded so far, and was looking forward with impatient eagerness to the unspeakable delight of not merely in by-hours, but at all hours, doing nothing but draw and paint.

THE AUTHOR GIVES HIMSELF UP TO DEMAGOGUISM.

About that time, Eduard's eldest brother, Friedrich,*

* Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacher, the author of "Elijah the Tishbite," is often confounded with his father Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, the author of the "Parables."—*Tr.*

had returned from Jena, after having ended his academical studies. Tall, thin, pale, and with eyes deeply lying and made to glow by a strong interior life, he entered our circle in so-called old German attire, with a plumed cap and lavishly flowing hair. He was like an apparition from long-vanished centuries, and uttered mighty words of grief and wrath; of grief for the loss of his academical liberty, of wrath for the Philistinism* to which he was now condemned. Friedrich was a highly-gifted man — a man of true genius, whose powerful individuality was not a little imposing to us who were younger. Therefore it was easy for him to become to us at once both the prophet and the apostle of a wholly new gospel, which he brought with him from Thuringia. He had taken a deep plunge in that fantastic stream which then flooded the German universities and carried the best young minds away with it. He was one of the leaders of the glorious Jena Burschenschaft,† had borne the banner in the procession

* The students at the German universities call every one a *Philister* or *Philistine* who is not a student. But in a more limited sense they apply the word to every one who is influenced by a vulgar, narrow, provincial spirit. There has been an attempt to acclimatise in the English language the word *Philistine* as the equivalent, or nearly so, of *Snob*. The attempt, however, has failed: and this is not to be regretted.—*Tr.*

† In the Middle Ages the students were called *Bursales* or *Bursarii*, from the *Bursae* or buildings in which they lived in common. Hence arose the German word *Bursch* as applied to a student. Immediately after the so-called War of Liberation, a *Burschenschaft*, or association of students, arose at Jena for professedly high moral purposes. And

to the Wartburg,* and had there solemnly sworn, along with all the others present, in the words of the enthusiastic student, Riemann, "to aspire to all human and patriotic virtue." And of such virtue was Friedrich the preacher in the ears of all—both of those willing to hear and of those not willing.

Wherein properly this human virtue† consisted it is hard to say, as it is as difficult to deduce the idea thereof from that designation, as from the examples of history. Cæsar had one kind of virtue, Brutus another,

speedily *Burschenschaften* existed in nearly all the German universities. The political desires and designs they cherished, or were supposed to cherish, made the Governments their foes, especially after the murder of Kotzebue by the student Sand.—*Tr.*

* The Wartburg is a castle near the town of Eisenach. It has had a memorable history: and it acquired fresh fame in modern days as the scene of a festival called the *Wartburgsfest*. On the 18th October, 1817, deputations of Protestant students from various universities, and some professors from Jena, including Oken, met at the Wartburg to celebrate the tri-centenary of the Reformation, and the fourth anniversary of the Battle of Leipsic. There was much enthusiasm of an intensely German kind. When nearly all who had been present at the festival had departed, the few who remained made on the Wartenburg, close by, a bonfire, and into it threw, among other things, various reactionary writings. This gave grave offence to the Governments, and was one chief reason why the universities were placed under police supervision. Other reactionary steps were likewise taken which it is unnecessary here to record.—*Tr.*

† After the disasters which befell Prussia about sixty years ago, patriots in various parts of that country entered into an association called the *Tugenbund*, the *Alliance* or *Covenant of Virtue*. It did much to rouse the patriotic spirit of Germany. But as it was ultimately supposed to lead toward demagoguism, it became obnoxious to the Governments. The author makes allusions not merely to virtue or *Tugend* in itself, but also in its relation to the *Tugendbund*.—*Tr.*

and the virtue of Diogenes was different from that of Cato and Scipio. If we except Christian virtue, human and patriotic virtue is in itself a marvellous Proteus, and can just as well mean murder and homicide as good eating and drinking. All the champions of virtue in Germany were one in opinion, that the virtues of valour, integrity, and chastity, should be attained and practised. But whether, for instance, human and patriotic virtue, for the purpose of creating a united and free fatherland, commanded that all the German princes, with their aiders and abettors, should be made shorter by the head, or whether it was enough to allot them modest pensions when compelled to retire into private life,—three hundred thalers were proposed in Jena as the King of Prussia's pension,—on these as well as on other points there was warm debate. The whole movement was marked by confusion of the most perplexed and cloudy kind, and the sympathies which gave it life and kept it alive were of the most heterogeneous character. With the same passionate affection for the German Middle Ages as for the most modern revolutionary ideas of the French, the enthusiastic stretched forth their arms to the past and the future, were in transports for a bygone world which they did not know, and whose conditions, arrangements, and forms they with great zeal and enjoyment trod under foot. They rushed toward the newest of the new, as Goethe said, while they clamoured for the oldest of the old, and least of all were they German.

So far as I was concerned, I understood little of the whole whirl and commotion, except that the thing looked very fine, and that in all conscience and cordiality people wished to be thoroughly German. Probably those of my fellow-scholars who were capable of excitement took the same view of the matter. To be thoroughly German, however, meant to be exceedingly saucy and audacious, and to have stout limbs. Friedrich manifested great willingness to help us to possess these patriotic virtues. With vehemence and ardour he spoke of the fervent fresh, free, and frolicsome gymnastical art,* and roused the desire to organise under his guidance the whole of the scholars, ourselves included, into a regular gymnastical society.

To obtain permission to do so, as well as to get a piece of land fit for gymnastical exercises, the duke was applied to; but meanwhile, in the courtyard of the superintendent's residence, a small gymnastical arena was improvised. Here, with the "Aetti's" permission, we set up the most indispensable paraphernalia from means that lay at hand, and in the evenings tested our strength on them. In addition, under Meister Friedrich's direction, we performed a variety of vigorous and delightful gymnastical feats. We also procured

* *Turnerwesen.* In Germany the *Turnkunst*, the art of turning, the gymnastical art, the modernised representation of the tournament, is still exceedingly popular; but the Governments of Germany have, I believe, ceased to regard a simply athletical amusement as treasonable. —*Tr.*

attire of the coarsest grey linen cloth — attire not encumbered with tails or appendages — assumed the gait of the most boorish carters, as beseemed German clowns, and looked boldly into every one's face. Alas! our conduct and our manners found little favour. Grave men protested against the innovation, and in the *Wochenblatt* even raised the watchman's cry against us. I doubt not that there was good reason for their anxieties; but, with demonstrative and demolishing reasons of an opposite kind, Friedrich entered the field of fight. They replied; he replied anew. Parties were formed even among the teachers and persons of official position. At all events, the learned squabble threw some life into the Bernburg population.

With Beckedorff I had continued to correspond regularly. I was accustomed to inform him of everything that interested me. I, therefore, now tried all the more to enlighten his mind on the usefulness of gymnastics, that I took it for granted that he must have considerable influence on the decisions of the duke, on whose permission everything finally depended. Arguing in what I thought a vigorous fashion, I asked how we could in future defend the German Fatherland unless we had German bones and muscles. Froma stunted and blighted race, such as we suddenly discovered ourselves to be—a race languishing on school seats—how could heroic deeds be expected? Besides, the ruler of the land was never likely to find such an excellent

opportunity of making grateful, by obliging, the youth of the land. But Beckedorff seemed by no means edified by all these statements. It is true that he was not so far blinded as not to regard gymnastics as a very healthful thing. Whether, however, the Jahn* Gymnastical Societies, with their specific laws and usages, ought to be tolerated, and whether it was desirable to give to young men in purely monarchical states a decidedly republican direction, looked to him questionable. In conclusion, he advised that we must, above all things, show that the *Turnerei* made us more diligent, modest, obedient, and lovable. In that case we were sure to remove all doubts, and to change our gainsayers into friends and protectors.

Enthusiasms, however, are not approachable or curable by reason. Beckedorff's counsel appeared to me to be opposed to the great object which I held

* Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, called the *Turnvater*, father or founder of the gymnastical art, was a remarkable man, and had a remarkable history. He was born in 1778, and studied theology. In 1810 he was appointed assistant-teacher in the Cologne Gymnasium, and in 1811 he established a *Turnanstalt*, or gymnastical institution. He was an enthusiastic patriot, and aimed at giving the Germans moral strength by promoting their physical culture. After the most eminent and devoted services during the War of Liberation, he was, without any apparent cause, prosecuted as a demagogue by the Prussian Government, and had to suffer imprisonment, and the gymnastical societies which he had called into life were denounced as treasonable. Frederick William IV., when he came to the throne, endeavoured to make to Jahn compensation for the injustice he had suffered. Jahn was a warm patriot to the last. He was a member of the German National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848. He died in 1852.—*Tr.*

before my eyes, and as exceedingly *Philistinish*. For I was of opinion that there was something rotten in the German realms, and that it was not by modesty or amiability that it could be remedied or eradicated, but wholly and solely by the most *immodest* development of force. It was in this spirit that I wrote back, and I was almost convinced that every one must adopt my views, and even the duke himself. But herein I greatly deceived myself. And during the remainder of my life experience has shown me that no one is ever convinced of anything which does not suit his purpose. In very straightforward fashion the duke refused a place for gymnastics, and forbade controversy on the subject in the *Wochenblatt*. That was odd! It almost seemed as if the sovereign wished to weaken the strength of the people, and to estrange the hearts of the young. It was thus that we admirably reasoned.

Fortunately, the "Aetti" did not share the anxieties of the ducal counsellors. So far as he took any interest in the matter at all, he was inclined to look at its more commendable aspects; he had joyous sympathy with the fresh feelings of the young, and he regarded the revolutionary water-shoots we put forth as childish fooleries. He could not, indeed, help to get the privileges of a gymnastical society conceded to us—he could not obtain for us a proper and public gymnastical arena; but he did not object to the continuance of our

athletical feats and displays in his courtyard. Spite, therefore, of the pain caused by the unexpected ducal decision, we persisted every evening in running and springing, in balancing and tilting in the spot left free to us. We put our legs and backs into all kinds of conceivable curves; we practised the bird's-nest, the swing, the cat's leap, the carp's leap.* And, though we by no means carried on our performances with the inoffensiveness of squirrels and rope-dancers, but rather with the exalted feelings of German youths, who bathed their free brows in the day-blush of the future, the authorities nevertheless winked at our doings. Delicious hours were those we spent springing and swinging, and in the consciousness of increasing muscular power and of defiant boldness. And no particular harm came from it all, except to the pantries of ladies who were heads of households, and of mothers. For to satisfy the appetite of a boy who comes straight from the gymnastical arena is almost impossible.

* The Swedish poet, Peter Henry Ling, who was born in 1776, and who died in 1839, did much to perfect gymnastics, both as a science and as an art. He divided gymnastics into educational, æsthetical, military, and medicinal gymnastics. To the Greeks and the Romans gymnastical culture was the basis of all other culture. That it might be still more even than this has been the aim of Jahn, Ling, and others. As the literature of gymnastics is already immense, so its nomenclature is vast and various; though, like the thing itself, less developed in England than in Germany or Sweden. —*Tr.*

MY ACTIVITY AT COURT.

The Whitsuntide vacation had arrived, which furnished me with the opportunity of passing a few days with my brother. For the purpose, probably, of gladdening my brother's heart, and perhaps also of bringing more sober notions into my own mind, Beckedorff had fallen on the happy idea of inviting me for a few days to Ballenstedt, and with the duke's permission. Spite of my oppositional tendency, Beckedorff found me on this occasion joyfully and eagerly obedient, and with a light heart and a light wallet—in the latter was nothing but some linen—I one beautiful morning set out on foot.

The journey enlivened my soul. Heaven and earth sparkled in the splendour of the morning sun; larks carolled above the green seed-fields; and in the distance rose to invite me, and to fill me with pleasant presentiments, the glory of the mountains—the blue veil of the towering peaks. I rushed on with winged steps; I swept along as if borne by the wings of an eagle. I sang, too, as if trying to rival the larks; so that, from field to field, my voice resounded. But, alas! I did not sing a becoming morning song, such as "Wake up, my heart, and sing!" or "The sun hath with magnificence." No; I sang the defiant verses of Goethe's "Prometheus," which I had read not long before with enthusiasm—in Moritz's "Götterlehre," I

think—and had for the most part retained in my memory. The airs I improvised according to my fancy, and when sung, the mighty words appeared to me so much more majestic, that I was never tired of singing, and begun ever anew. Probably the beauty and the strength of the German language never again so profoundly moved me as on that morning, when life and joy and vernal exuberance streamed on me from every side.

When in the afternoon, and in good time, I arrived at Ballenstedt, Beckedorff found fault with me on account of my costume. It was incomprehensible to him how I could come to court, and bring nothing with me but a travelling coat—of coarse green cotton —and a pair of rough canvas trousers. It seemed to him impossible for me in this attire to show myself to the duke, who nevertheless knew that I was coming, and had graciously commissioned Beckedorff to invite me to supper.

I now learned that the princess had left Ballenstedt a considerable time before,* and that in her absence the

* The Duke Alexius Friedrich Christian divorced in 1817 his wife, the princess so favourably spoken of in this book, and in 1818 morganatically married the Fräulein von Sonnenberg, who bore the name of Frau von Hoym. This lady died the same year, whereupon the duke married, likewise morganatically, her sister, on whom the name of Frau von Hoym was similarly conferred. The duke died in 1834, and was succeeded by his son Alexander Karl, who was born in 1805. The duchess does not seem to have been charged with any moral offence: but for so-called incompatibility of temper the duke availed himself of that facility of divorce which prevails in Germany.—*Tr.*

young prince dined alone at an early hour with Beckedorff in his chamber, where of course any attire could be tolerated, but that in the evening he sat at table with his father, the duke. Meanwhile, Beckedorff added, I could have the pleasure of sucking my own paws till my clothes arrived from Bernburg. And yet I had chosen this very suit of clothes because it was quite new, and because I thought I looked very well in it. It now suddenly appeared to me to be fit only for a beggar; I was thoroughly ashamed of it, and I resolved to keep out of his highness's way.

Beckedorff took the necessary steps to apologise for me and my unseemly raiment. But, unexpectedly, a command arrived from the highest persons that I was to come just as I was.

"I refuse to obey the command," I cried; "I am determined to go back to Bernburg at once."

But Meister Beckedorff laughed me out of my purpose. He proved to me that I must obey the order given; and very much *contre cœur* I accompanied the young prince into the dining-room.

Though I had become a defiant Prometheus, and thought that I had a valiant heart, I had nevertheless now to discover how much the firmness of our conduct depends on the opinion which others have of our breeches. I felt as if every one must be gazing at me. I fancied I must look like an unclean beast among the brilliant courtiers who, according to the custom of the

time, appeared in uniform. I was embarrassed, and at the same time exasperated. I said that if ever I was again invited to Ballenstedt, I must send my clothes, inasmuch as it was my clothes to which attention was paid, and not to *me*. My brother replied that he did not doubt that as soon as the duke saw me, he and the princess were sure to faint.

Then the folding-doors were thrown open, and in marched, preceded by gentlemen-in-waiting, the old lion of the land, with the young princess on his arm. Some ladies followed them, and while all were bowing, I retired into the background. But the duke was pleased to come up straight to me. Beckedorff pushed me forward; I stood in a state of stupefaction. I was asked whether I had come on foot; and when this question was, very properly, answered in the affirmative, I was further asked how long my journey had lasted.

This second question would not have been too hard for me, but for my breeches and my summer coat, and if my naughty brother behind the duke's back had not made the most ridiculous grimaces. How long my journey had lasted, the duke had asked. Journey! It is by days that journeys are measured, and I had already the answer "One day" on my tongue, when it occurred to me in right time that my journey had only lasted a forenoon, and the half of an afternoon, which, according to Adam Ries,* are a day and a half.

* Adam Ries wrote books of arithmetic more than three hundred

"A day and a half," was my reply.

"In that case you no doubt passed the night at Aschersleben?"

Meanwhile I had reflected that as so much of the afternoon had been consumed, it might be reckoned a full afternoon. Therefore, by way of correction, I said that my journey had occupied two days.

This put my brother into a very hilarious mood; but the *Serenissimus* did not change countenance. He merely varied the mode of interrogation by requesting to know when I had set out and when I had arrived. And I at last succeeded in giving an intelligible and satisfactory reply.

The duke addressed some other questions to me—How I liked Bernburg? what classics we read in the second class? and so on. He was very cordial and kind; and in some measure calmed, I could at last sit down to table. But I was ashamed of the timidity which had come over *me*, the free and joyous gymnast, though I had done neither myself nor anybody else harm thereby, and least of all the duke, who must have been very much amused. By an opposite fault, stupidly bold inconsiderateness, I injured the exalted man himself, without grieving half so much about it.

Beckedorff had allotted me the same room I formerly occupied. Here hung many family portraits, with

years ago. They were long popular. "According to Adam Ries,' became a proverbial expression for extreme accuracy.—*Tr.*

marvellous faces and equally marvellous attire. Among others, the portrait of a lady attracted me, which was much defaced by dust and smoke. The better to see and to study it, I wetted the dark places with my sponge, and as this first application brought a good deal of dirt of, I thought I must be doing a good work if I thoroughly cleansed the whole portrait. I took it out of the frame, and I determined to wash it in the way that I had seen my father washing old pictures. In fulfilling my intention, I made, however, a difference: in order to do the work the sooner, I called some soap to my help. The beautiful lady grew visibly brighter; and, whistling a tune, I washed on with increasing vigour and delight.

But, alas! with alarming suddenness, and causing me a terror I can never forget, the darling form—perhaps the great-grandmother of the duke—vanished from under my hands. Only the brighter parts of the face were still in some degree recognisable. All the rest had departed, and nothing was to be seen but the naked threads of a bluish-grey canvas. I was in frightful perplexity. It appeared to me impossible for the old colours, hard as a bone, to dissolve so rapidly. Yet the inky water in the basin seemed to testify against me. The measures applied to the great-grandmother had plainly been of too radical a sort.

A similar history I afterwards read in Goethe's "Farbenlehre," of a Frankfort painter, under whose

sponges the black garment of an ecclesiastic had been changed into a bright blue coat of pilot cloth. Soap having been employed, the varnish absorbed some of the water, became thereby *clouded*, and lay like an untransparent cobweb on the picture, which nevertheless was not essentially injured. The same thing had now happened to me, though I could have offered no explanation of it. I believed at least that I had completely destroyed the charms of the beautiful ducal ancestress, and with my conscience ill at ease I hung up the picture again in its place. If the affair were to be discovered, I resolved to confess, and I gave my brother instructions to that effect. Yet I felt it to be absurd to make confession unless necessity demanded it. Fortunately the rooms, one of which I occupied, were seldom visited; and the family portraits placed there, though many of them were excellent pictures, were not much regarded. Therefore the damage probably remained unobserved till after the lapse of twenty years I entered anew the same chamber. My first glance fell on the ruined picture. I examined it, and requested that it might be sent to the inn where I was staying. By removing the varnish, which had grown dull and confused, I restored the picture completely.

To return, however, to the residence at Ballenstedt which I have been recording, I am compelled to say that apart from the blunders I committed, it was far

from bringing me the same delight as previous visits. Much had in the meantime changed at court. The duchess had by no means gone on a journey of pleasure, to return soon, as I at first believed. But serious misunderstandings between her and her husband had caused her to return to her father, and divorce was spoken of. This circumstance gave the court a desolate aspect. Bitterly my brother missed the exalted lady, who had been very attentive and kind to him; and he complained that it was now extremely dull in the castle. Not previously had he expressed to me any serious dissatisfaction. He spoke of severe inconveniences and annoyances, and said that if he were forced to remain, he was certain to end by being a scapegrace. None of his reproaches fell on the very worthy Beckedorff. I could therefore speak freely to Beckedorff about the matter; and as he promised to bring the speediest succour possible, I returned to Bernburg somewhat tranquillised.

But not merely to Beckedorff had I addressed myself. In fulfilment of a promise made to my parents, I sent a report to Dresden of my impressions, and thereby excited in the breast of my mother the keenest anxieties. She had always upbraided herself for consenting to let my brother be brought up at court; and her lively imagination was now busy picturing all the disadvantages and disasters which might possibly be the result. It was chiefly the amiable

and estimable qualities of the duchess which had made my mother's mind at ease when she allowed her son to depart from her. But now neither a mother, nor one to be to him even as a mother, was near him.

In a short time my father came to Ballenstedt, and alleged a variety of plausible reasons why he wished to take his son away. It was probably no easy matter to arrive at an arrangement with Beckedorff, and especially with the duke. But my father's persuasive amiableness vanquished every obstacle. The duke, it is true, refused to free definitively the young gentleman, over whom he seemed to believe that he had some claim. But he granted leave for an unfixed time, and declared himself willing to take him back under the old conditions at any time within the next two years.

Thus then my brother returned to Dresden, where he entered the Kreuzschule, and here made such rapid progress as to recover all the ground he had lost through his previous position. I, however, remained at Bernburg, with the purpose of going home at midsummer.

THE ACTENSTÜCK.

During my recent residence in Ballenstedt, Beckedorff repeatedly warned me against the political craziness of the youths who were enthusiasts for "Old Germanism;" but his admonitions did not succeed in

alienating my sympathies from this political creed. I persisted in the fanatical excitement into which I had been thrown; and before my departure from Bernburg I put forth one final democratical blossom, which, if I had not immediately afterward left the school of my own accord, was just of a nature to procure me unwilling expulsion.

I had given in a German essay, for which the "Germandom" whereby I was possessed had furnished the ideas, but the substance of which I had, as was fitting, derived from the Dresden armoury. Imagining a visit to this magnificent collection, I enumerated all the most interesting objects which, in my opinion, it contained; and I took occasion from such a host of memorials of the olden time to make all kinds of bold parallels between the past and the present in German lands. Of course, my arguments were founded entirely on the conceptions I had formed of the one and of the other. In the middle ages I saw nothing but freedom, piety, and vigour; in the modern ages nothing but godlessness, miserableness, and slavery. As often happens to people when they sit down opposite their inkstand, the more earnestly I plunged into my subject the more reckless I became in my statements. Among other things, I remember that I went so far as to say that while in those noble times boys of ten years of age were cased in steel, and exercised in martial games—as the numerous coats of mail still existing,

and only suited to boys, prove—at the present day gymnastical arenas for the young were refused or prohibited, in order that all might be trained to wretched weaklings. Many such expressions, calculated to excite the suspicion of the police, abounded, no doubt, in my essay. But I really had no other purpose than giving vent to my feelings, especially those antipathetic to the teacher of my class, to whom the criticism on the German essays was assigned. This teacher, Professor Sachse, a superior and learned man, had formerly been tolerably well liked. For his vigorous and vehement eloquence we scholars had a special admiration; and when he discoursed on the love for the Fatherland, and on the manly virtue which marked the men of old, he could always be sure of kindling the class to enthusiasm. Recently, however, he had fallen under our suspicion, because on various occasions he had permitted himself bitter remarks on the gymnastical practices, and made use of expressions which seemed deserving of severe reprobation.

When the German compositions were given back, each scholar had some short critical observations addressed to him on receiving his essay. Then the professor took up the last manuscript; it was mine. The professor said that another composition still remained—an essay, whose peculiar colour and tendency demanded more copious comment. The remaining time,

however, was not sufficient for the purpose; therefore, the consideration of the matter must be postponed to the next lesson.

A gleam of joy flashed over the faces of all, for the next lesson was the last in the week, and with it the labours of the school were for a season at an end. Besides, from the demeanour of the teacher, a rhetorical outburst might be expected, and this promised enjoyment to all not directly concerned. Most of the scholars took an air of self-complacency, and *I* gathered up my strength for the conflict.

At the appointed time, the professor began his harangue with praise. This praise extended both to the literary ability and to the patient industry. Then he read the whole long essay without further remark, but putting a marked emphasis on the passages of a tendentious* kind. The more he read the more I discovered of cordial concurrence in the countenances of the scholars. Some of them nodded to me their approval; others sitting behind me expressed their sympathetic regard by a stolen clasp of the hand.

When the reading of the essay was at an end, a terrible hurricane burst forth. Sachse straightened himself to his utmost height, stood like a Roland's statue, and, turning towards me, he commenced with a mighty voice: "Do you know what you have done,

* *Tendenziös* is a German adjective signifying "having a particular tendency."—*Tr.*

young man? You have given in an *actenstück** which might cost you your place in the school."

After this severe rebuke had been delivered, a flood of the most merciless criticism overwhelmed me, which at first burst from the lips of the speaker in fitful eruptions, like discharges of cannon preparing the way for more regular volleys, then in systematic array, sweeping aside all opposition, rushed on. It was thus that Cicero might have spoken against the arch-traitor Catiline if he had wished. I, however, was too much intoxicated by the signs of approbation given by my fellow-scholars; too much provoked by the violence of the attack to feel that I was wrong. During the whole discourse, I looked straight in the face of the hostile critic till at last his violence abated. He concluded with the remark that he might be obliged to make a use of my essay, for the consequences of which he must not be held responsible; that, therefore, my essay was not to be returned to me. Thereupon, with head held high, he left the class.

The applause of my fellow-gymnasts now burst forth, loud and uncontrollable. They pressed round me, they embraced me, as if I had been the saviour of part of the Fatherland. With head held high, *I* likewise went home, accompanied by numerous friends.

When, however, I had had a night's sleep, the

* *Actenstück* is a legal document, a judicial act. But here it means what might furnish a ground for judicial proceedings.—*Tr.*

thought of the possible consequences made me uncomfortable. It appeared to me by no means desirable to appear as a "rusticated" scholar before my parents. I therefore resolved to give notice without delay of my speedy and voluntary retirement. I went first to the teacher of the class. My heart beat a quicker beat when I knocked at the door; but, contrary to expectation, he received me in the kindest manner, and made me sit down. I told him that I had come to take leave of him now as I was going to quit the school in a few days. Sachse tried to put my mind at rest. He said that I had no need to banish myself from the school on account of the essay. He declared that it was imposed on him, by his position, to assail earnestly a direction which was held in abhorrence by those high in authority. But he assured me that I was in the hands of a friend, and that I might judge how little he was disposed to injure me when I learned that he had already burned the *corpus delicti*. He urged me to throw aside anxiety and remain. When, however, he heard that I intended to leave the school in consequence of a resolution taken long before by my father, and to devote myself to painting, he expressed satisfaction. He spoke with great appreciation of the noble vocation of artists, and at last embracing me, he dismissed me with the animating appeal—"Fly, young eagle—only on the highest peaks dwells freedom!"

With warm heart I parted from the excellent man;

who, however, so far from burning my *opus*, the production of a heated brain, carefully kept it to read in friendly circles, enjoying with others the sentiments and the audacity which in the class he had pitilessly condemned.

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

After I had been a year in Bernburg, I departed at midsummer, 1818, from the house of the Krummachers, in which I had experienced so much that was charming and kind, that my father's house alone could be a compensation for it. My journey to my Dresden home I began on foot. First of all, I marched along a high road bordered by endless rows of poplars: this road brought me to Halle. When I arrived in the evening, and, very tired, was finding my way over the pavement with limping steps, I heard a loud noise coming from above. I looked up and saw a student with cocked hat and with Hessian boots, who, on the third story, had taken his position in such horseman fashion at a window, that one of his booted and spurred legs hung on the outside. Without ceasing he cracked a hunting-whip, snapped his fingers, shouted, cursed and swore like a huntsman who is urging on his dogs. In order not to be insulted, most of those passing did not look up for more than a moment, and I did not venture on a more prolonged gaze. Yet I cannot deny that the solitary amusement which the student con-

trived in those upper regions to invent for himself, seemed to me proper enough and exceedingly funny.

I entered the "Lion" inn, washed my feet with brandy, and went to bed with the consoling conviction that next morning I could do what I liked. In the morning, however, before starting I felt a strong desire to pay a visit to the parsonage appertaining to the Moritz Church, and the idea gave me not a little pleasure. How Lorchen would now look, whether she would recognise me, whether if much pressed I should remain the whole day at the parsonage, such were the thoughts which busied my brain. Very early I was dressed, and could scarcely wait for the hour when a call could properly be made. At seven o'clock I thought I might venture to set out. I strapped my knapsack on my back, and took the well-remembered path to the old and much-loved parsonage; but I did not find the friends I sought. The pastor, Senff, was dead, and the widow had left the house. The cook-maid who told me this was however, obliging enough to allow me to go into the garden. Once more I saw the ivy-covered wall of the church and the summer-house, and the paths along which I had dashed when a child. But everything assumed a diminutive appearance. I felt, too, that I had not the same free right to be there as before, and I could not help shedding tears for old Senff.

I gave the cook-maid a few groschen, and she told

me what and where was the abode of the widow Senff. By questioning I found it, though with difficulty. When I rang the bell a young maiden opened the door. Earnestly I looked at *her;* earnestly she looked at *me.* When, however, I asked for the widow of the pastor, Senff, a sudden light came into the countenance of the maiden, and she called me by name. It was Lorchen! She saluted me as if I had been a brother, and led her old companion in triumph to the grandmother. In a pleasant room looking out into a garden sat, spotlessly-clean, incomparably neat, the old lady in an arm-chair. On the scene shone a bright ray of the morning sun, which stole through the veil of flowers which the hand of Lorchen probably had trained round the window. The warmest reception was mine. I was duly nourished and cherished, I had to drink coffee and to eat cakes, to tell my story, and to listen.

With a laughing mouth, Lorchen recalled our small adventures together; yet she had often to wipe the tears from her eyes, for since that golden time many losses and crosses had befallen her. I could not turn away my glance from Lorchen. How beautiful she had grown—my dear little maiden of the olden days who had armed me, who had placed the lily-stalk in my hand, and in whose service I had vanquished giants and dragons! Oh, that I might still be her knight! I said to myself. The thought of separation was so painful to me that I remained an immoderate

time. It seemed scarcely possible for me to reach Leipsic that day.

When at last I prepared to depart, I had to allow the dear maiden the pleasure of buckling my knapsack on my back. She wished anew to equip me as in the days gone by. She accompanied me to the street, and when I took leave she remained at the door waving her hand.

Along the streets I dashed till I reached the high-road; my heart was much heavier than my knapsack. All my thoughts were fixed on her, my playmate in childhood's paradise, who had so soon vanished again, whose sweet voice still sounded in my ear, and whose words I repeated in spirit. Thus lost in dreams, I had gone a considerable distance when an elegant chaise, going at a rapid rate, overtook me. The chaise stopped, and the gentleman who was its occupant, addressing me, invited me to get in. At the same time the coachman thought it his duty to explain in the following words: "You see, sir, when you were marching on before us, the Herr said to me that if the traveller seemed a nice fellow, we must take him into the carriage, the reason being that the Herr always feels bored."

At that moment solitude was much more to my taste than the society of any one; but I had no decent pretext for refusing. Moreover, I reflected that I could get to Leipsic in this fashion as well as in any other.

After some persuasion, therefore, I yielded, and took my place beside the bored gentleman. He seemed to be a merchant or manufacturer, and was one of those inquiring travellers who need only ten minutes to learn from every one who comes across them his place of residence, his name, his social position, and a host of other things which do not in the least concern them. This was annoying to me. More acquaintance with the world would have enabled me to throw the importunate questioner off the scent; but at that time I did not know how better to keep my *incognito* than by telling him as many lies as I could invent.

It has already been said that I was rather proud of my character for veracity and honour, and certainly I should have been ashamed to tell lies with a direct view to my own advantage. But to embellish an indifferent circumstance to make it more entertaining, or to conceal what I did not wish to say, or, finally, as in the present case, to deceive and mystify an impertinent inquisitor, did not cause my conscience any very keen pangs. My travelling companion had, therefore, the pleasure of learning that I was called Jacob Schmidt, that my parents had died when I was very young, that I had been receiving education at Halle, and that by the wish of my guardians I was about to enter the Kreuzschule at Dresden.

The stranger, to whom probably in the whole earth nothing was more indifferent than all that respecting

which he had questioned me, accepted all my statements like a good honest man who is not disposed to take offence at the talk of his neighbour. Fortunately also, he was no doubt so unacquainted with the circumstances I depicted, that his further questions did not perplex me; yet I did not feel comfortable. When the conversation proceeded, the stranger revealed such an estimable character, that all the untruths which I had uttered to him weighed from minute to minute more heavily on my conscience. We were drawing nearer and nearer; I reflected what I as a youth of honour was to do—whether I was to get out of the carriage leaving all those lies behind, or, by a frank confession, pass censure on myself. Both the alternatives were objectionable. So very contemplative had I become, that my blameless protector, thinking that travelling in the carriage did not agree with me, brought out a bottle of wine to cheer and strengthen me.

Thereupon I resolved what to do. I stated to the gentleman that I was not unwell, but that something was tormenting my conscience in reference to himself. He gazed at me with astonished eyes. I, however, faithful to truth, corrected or retracted all my mendacious statements, urging as my only apology, that when travelling every one likes best to remain unknown. The gentleman probably thought that unless one happens to be called Hannibal, Cæsar, or Judas

Iscariot, but is merely, on the contrary, a youth of sixteen, one is just as unknown under one's own name as under a fictitious name. He abstained, however, from expressing this opinion. He merely smiled, shook my hand, and I think I may take it for granted that we parted in Leipsic as good friends.

After I had rested a day in the house of my Leipsic friends, the Volkmanns, I continued my journey by the mail. There were at that time two mail-coaches; the so-called yellow, and the so-called green coach. The yellow coach jolted so horribly that body and soul ran great danger of parting company. Therefore prudent people preferred the green coach as being a few degrees less rough in motion. But even the green coach was so rugged and unsteady on its wheels, that it made the passengers sometimes shriek out in terror or in pain, and, unless the postillion had called a halt at every inn on the road, a seat in the coach would have been almost intolerable. By the help, however, of these highly needful intervals, it was a very wholesome mode of travelling. The violent shakings to which the traveller was exposed as long as the vehicle was moving excited a lion-like hunger, to satisfy which every inn and station offered peculiar and celebrated dainties. For instance, besides the principal meals, the traveller could in Borsdorf devour sponge-cakes, which were always on hand, and so heavy that only those going by the mail-coach could

digest them. In Wurzen there was thick black beer; in Luppe there was goat's cheese with Dantzic brandy; in Meissen, the singular pastry known by the name of *fummel.* Here the traveller ate brawn, there jumbled eggs were consumed, elsewhere home-made wine was drunk. In short, from hour to hour the traveller had an opportunity of stopping the gaps which the road and the carriage made in his stomach.

My travelling companions consisted of a gentleman of very stout and substantial build, who, on account of a superfluity of health, was on his way to Carlsbad, and of a heroic Leipsic student. The latter looked like the fierce Hagen, spoke boastingly and obstreperously, and, to judge from his own stories, seemed to have been residing in Leipsic merely for the purpose of brawling and fighting. On his breast hung a leathern flask, filled with gunpowder, with which he loaded his pocket-pistol. This, from time to time, he fired out of the coach-window. When this occurred, the man of solid dimensions shut his eyes, and earnestly entreated the student to take the flask from round his neck, lest a spark should set the powder in a blaze.

The student confessed the greatness of the danger; but he maintained that it was the greatness of the danger which constituted the fun. Therefore he swore by all the seven wise men of Greece that if a single spark from his pipe was to fall on the powder we should all in a moment, with green coach, postillion,

and horses, rush like Elijah in a fiery chariot to heaven.

This was an undoubted truth. Nevertheless, we had no real cause for alarm, because we observed that after loading the pistol the student always carefully shut up the flask which was so pregnant with possibilities of disaster. It was impossible, however, not to pity the terror of the poor watering-place invalid, who was probably only going to Carlsbad to prolong his life, and to whom, therefore, the prospect of losing his life in the mail-coach was by no means pleasant. He made unceasingly the most forcible representations and appeals to the fool-hardy shooter. And the student did not call in question the reality of the peril, but he protested that such considerations could lead to nothing else than converting men into old women; that the whole world was nothing but a powder-sack, that the destiny of every man was fixed in the stars, that, therefore, we could all do whatever we liked to do. Thus the matter remained as it was: the powder on the breast of the boaster, the stout gentleman tormented by the dread of a horrible end.

Seventh Part.

CHAPTER I.

PROFESSIONAL STUDIES.

Spite of all perils, we arrived without accidents in Dresden; and a rich portion of my early life lay behind me—the whole school-time, with its chaotic diversity of institutions and teachers, of events of universal historical interest and childlike adventures; the beautiful time when we live for the day, and without an object, and when, like a wealthy man, we see nothing, desire nothing, but enjoyment. A new life was now to begin; still a scholar's life, to be sure, but with distinct and recognisable objects. When as a little child I had to wind yarn, I knew not why I did so, and had no other feeling about the matter than the desire not to be called idle. Then came the school-time with all its manifold objects of learning, with which I busied myself only because I wished to take home good testimonials. What I was now to learn

was of another nature. It was to enable me at some future period to earn my bread, and if possible to climb those heights of renown and of freedom to which Professor Sachse had directed my gaze. These seemed nobler objects, and I looked forward with joy to the new labour and its fruits.

The Royal Academy of Arts, occupying on the Brühl Terrace one of the most prominent positions of the city, had been to me from childhood an object of reverence and desire. How often in passing I had looked up to those lofty windows, behind which Olympian figures of gods and heroes were visible, and had deemed the youths happy who were entitled to go freely and openly in and out as I in my school! Those halls were now opened to *me*, and any one who chanced to be on the Terrace might easily have seen that I entered the academy as one well entitled to do so, and thanking no one for the privilege. The gentlemen and ladies who were walking on the Terrace I could almost have pitied for being unable to do what I was doing.

I had first of all become a pupil in the lowest class, the so-called Drawing-hall.* So was this room called, not because signs and wonders were performed, and still less because drawing went on there. But our Drawing-hall was called Drawing-hall just as Potsdam

* *Zeichensaal.* The German word for sign is *Zeichen*, hence in what immediately follows an untranslatable play on words.—*Tr.*

is called Potsdam—because it had no other name. This, however, was the elementary class in the academy, and aimed at giving the pupil a certain degree of correctness of the eye, and his hand a certain skill in the use of chalk. The last was to me the main thing, for I had been exercised in other preliminary studies. I was to be taught to hatch. It is true that my father, who knew how to use chalk better than all the teachers of the academy together, could have spared me this introductory class by giving me instruction himself. But besides that he lacked the necessary patience, he deemed it advisable that I should train myself to a manner, which he saw was sure to be the prevailing manner in all classes. Herein he was mistaken, for in the Drawing-hall one definite manner was far from holding sway. We had to work guided by drawings of the most various masters who had used the crayon in the most diversified fashions, with straight, crooked, long, or short strokes, as seemed unto each good. In addition, some had used the rubber below, and had hatched above; others had hatched below and used the rubber above; while others, again, had either not used the rubber or not hatched. Thus the methods had the most manifold aspects.

This excessive variety confused me. It is true I could choose the masters how I liked; but one day one master pleased me, the next day another pleased me more. Every day almost I copied a different hand

without being able to make any one my aim, or, indeed, wishing to do so. In the main, none of these originals inspired me, and I should have been better pleased to draw as my father drew, if that had been possible.

Yet it was plain that I must learn to hatch.* But I was sometimes thoroughly helpless, and the problem towered up before me like a mountain which grows higher as we ascend. Yet I had to solve the problem faster than all others, for my father told me his irrevocable purpose was that in half a year I should excel the whole academy. Even if my father was merely jesting, I yet understood him to mean that I was expected to do something brilliant, and I resolutely tormented myself from the earliest hour to the latest with the toil of learning to hatch, and even my dreams were haunted by the anguish.

I asked myself why the first thing should be the most difficult; for that the last thing—painting—was as easy as child's play, I could every day be convinced of by watching what went on in my father's studio. When, gladdened by Eduard's loud applause, I dashed off cartoons, taking for my subjects prophets and the like, I regarded drawing as an innate energy, a natural gift—as an art not to be learned, but merely to be exercised. And now I was often so discouraged,

* *Schraffiren*: "to hatch;" from the Italian *Sgraffiare*, "to scratch," "to etch." *Schraffiren* and *Schraffirung* have likewise an application to heraldry.—*Tr.*

that when from the Brühl Terrace I turned into the Drawing-hall, I was inclined to envy the fortunate mortals who were walking on the Terrace their inability to follow me.

Meanwhile, my teachers probably judged me more leniently than I judged myself, or attached less importance than I thought they did to technical skill in hatching. At all events, contrary to my expectation, I was at Michaelmas promoted into the second class, the Gypssaal.* This advancement was accompanied by a testimonial, elegantly written and in folio. Only an apprentice whose term of servitude is ended can conceive what I felt; for I was now an academical citizen with the fullest privileges, and stood on an equality with the scholars of the higher classes, those proud youths who, acknowledging no community with the drawing-pupils, had not previously deigned me a single glance. In the joy of my heart, I cut up the testimonial into paper matches of extraordinary dimensions, and I lit my Sunday's pipe with the autograph signature of his excellency the Count Von Bitzthum, the superintendent of all the art institutions.

I was certainly guilty of thoughtlessness in embracing what was the more difficult with so much rapture, when I had found what was the more easy so very hard. But I thought that after my studies in the Gypssaal, which demanded no strokes, hatching must

* The hall or room where the plaster casts were.—*Tr.*

come of itself. And come of itself it did, after a fashion. For in the Gypssaal there was no hatching. This mode of manipulation was here regarded as antiquated.

By my fellow-scholars I was at once welcomed to comradeship, which included whatever instruction they could give me; and I must confess that I owed to them whatever I afterwards learned in the Gypssaal, for the professors who corrected our exercises troubled themselves little about us—whether from indolence, or because they had given us up as incurably wise in our own conceit, I cannot say. We were, in truth, not quite unaffected by that insurrectionary spirit which was rousing science and art to new life—by the spirit of faithful and earnest attention to the real aspects of objects, while our teachers, for the most part, sought to represent less what they saw than what they knew. Like people who have accustomed themselves to certain artistic forms, they corrected our drawings without any particular regard to the distinctive characteristics of the original, and they recklessly added light and shade according to certain general principles of rounding or finishing. The most dreaded of these correctors, Professor Pochmann, went so far as in an ineffaceable manner to disfigure our drawings from the casts by putting in eyeballs and black hair, employing in a rough way coarse chalk for the purpose. With drawings thus defaced, it was impossible to attempt any-

thing more, and when they came from the professor's hands, all we could do was to throw them away. We therefore found ourselves compelled to hide our drawings before the entrance of the Herr Professor, and to keep ready for inspection mere sham sketches, on which the rage of the correctors could run riot with impunity.

In such circumstances it was assuredly commendable that we tried to make up for the lack of useful instruction by succour and suggestion to each other. Breaking away from all traditional rules, we wished merely to reproduce what we really saw; and what one of us did not see, was seen by another. It thus became possible, by the influence of the talents of certain individuals, for a peculiar manner of drawing to be formed, a manner which had its advantages, but which, by its too mechanical processes, erred as much as the old school, yet in an opposite direction. Instead of beginning with the design or groundwork of the whole, and descending to details, we did the contrary. We commenced with some prominent point—for instance, the nose—and by the help of plumbing, squaring, and all possible measurements of the original, this part was first completed in outline. After the fellow-scholars had critically examined and had approved what had thus been begun, the pupil, still plumbing, squaring, and measuring, proceeded with the parts lying nearest; and thus at last, very slowly, but very surely, the most detailed outline of the whole head was completed—

every lock of hair, every minutest point, having been accurately measured. The further execution was in similar fashion accomplished—the outlines of the shades and half shades were drawn with extreme precision; going from the deepest blacks, the pupil filled up the outlines with a leathern rubber dipped in chalk-dust, as if he had been using a brush. As the various tones of shade, though retaining their distinctest and most emphatic force, had no connection with each other, a head thus treated resembled a pure work of mosaic, and at a distance had all the effect of such a work. With immense delight the pupil put the last hand to his task, softened away the hardnesses, and created something whose fidelity to Nature was astonishing.

Apart from the purely objective mode of the process, this manner of drawing had the additional advantage that the sketch never became confused, that it looked well at each of the successive stages, and kept up the pupil's fullest enjoyment and interest. But it had the disadvantage of being applicable only to dead objects. Therefore we found ourselves in rather a helpless state when, instead of plaster casts, we encountered life, with all the attributes of life. We did not learn how to perceive or apprehend, but merely how to copy. And as there was a fundamental impossibility of learning to hatch, because no strokes or lines are to be seen in a plaster cast, and because we made exclusive use of the rubber, we arrived very

incompletely and slowly at the comprehension of form. The scanty hints of the professors were as much disregarded as their corrections; and as we really in our own fashion achieved something, they allowed us to do as we liked.

As to the rest, we toiled with great energy and diligence, spite of numerous distractions and numerous diversions—singing, romping, and so on. And few were they who did not fulfil their time and their task. The time allotted was from seven in the morning till seven in the evening. The dinner-hour was the only break. And according to the season of the year we worked by daylight or lamplight, handling exclusively the charcoal and the rubber. The only variety in this monotonous activity was in the change of subjects and locality; for not merely the collections of the Academy, but the much richer collections of the Mengs casts, and of the cabinet of antiques, were placed at our disposal. For the practical training of the eye and the hand there were thus abundant means and opportunities. Of scientific instruction, however, there was a total lack, with the exception of a single course of lectures which the Director of the Surgical Academy, Professor Seiler, delivered in the anatomical theatre, expressly for painters. This teaching from the human body was, however, of decided interest, forasmuch as the numerous problems which in the study of naked figures usually perplex the beginner, found here the simplest

and most intelligible solution. For correct seeing the eye alone does not suffice—the understanding must see too, and must help the eye to see. And if we are to represent nothing but what lies before us in the light of the sun, and which we really see, we first really see when we know and discern the foundation of what appears. The more distinctly and completely, however, we see, the more distinctly and completely must that be revealed with which artistic perception chiefly concerns itself—namely, beauty. To me, at least, through the incessant training of my eye—which was sharpened and corrected by growing knowledge—the infinite beauty of the objects I studied, and, above all, of the majestic forms of ancient art, was from day to day more grandly disclosed. It is true that I was far from appreciating what I saw according to its full worth; but the little for which, as a scholar, I had insight, was rich gain. With increasing enthusiasm for the creations of the ancients, I drew, inspired by their masterpieces; my fancy was filled with the images of the most delightful proportion. And when in the evening I closed my eyes, around me hovered the god-like forms of ancient sculpture, in the contemplation of which I fell asleep. How rapturous is this first awakening of the appreciation of what is beautiful, small though that appreciation may be! Undoubtedly it is one of the happiest periods of the artist's life.

MY FELLOW-STUDENTS.

The number of my fellow-scholars amounted to from twelve to fifteen; and as we were all young, and as our occupation did not exclude talk, we did not long remain strangers to one another, and each of us soon became almost as well acquainted with the circumstances, prospects, and views of most of the others as with his own.

An exception to this was my next neighbour—an elegant young man of distinguished bearing, whom no one exactly knew. It is true that his speech betrayed that he was a Silesian, his conduct and manners that he was an aristocrat, and that his name was Von Seidlitz was likewise known. That, however, was all we knew; for, as to the rest, he withdrew from our curiosity, and had a *je ne sais quoi* in his character which prevented all idle questions from being addressed to him. We were even left in doubt whether Seidlitz, like the rest of us, intended to become a painter, or attended the academy merely as a pastime. In favour of the latter supposition were the inferiority of his performances and the irregularity of his visits to the Gypssaal.

Nevertheless, this young gentleman was an exceedingly attractive person. His polished manners—those of a man of the world—his inoffensive vivacity and

cheerfulness, which never varied, his ready recognition of the merits of others, were such attractive qualities, that every one could not fail to desire closer companionship with him. Of this, however, he was very sparing, and away from the Gypssaal he for the most part held intercourse with only one of us—a native of Hamburg, called Kopmann—the bond here being the love of music they both cherished. Subsequently these two admitted me sometimes into their company, and with delight I recall at this hour the pleasant winter evenings we spent together in the comfortable abode of Seidlitz—talking and singing. I had made some previous acquaintance with Mozart's music, which Seidlitz played, Kopmann sung, and which I was compelled to join in singing too. Furthermore, our host displayed an astonishing skill in keeping his guests in the most joyful disposition, and especially in putting the clever Kopmann into such a happy mood that he overflowed with wit and humour, and outshone himself in his most brilliant social qualities.

Kopmann clung to this charming Unknown—of whose real position and relations he probably knew quite as little as we others—with a passionateness amounting to infatuation, and which cost him many tears when Seidlitz—in consequence, it was said, of an unfortunate duel—disappeared from Dresden, and so completely that I do not remember ever hearing anything about him afterwards.

I was so far the heir of Seidlitz that Kopmann thenceforth became more intimately my friend. He was considerably older than I, and his past history had been very different from mine. In early infancy he had lost his father, who, as the captain of a ship, had sailed for India, and who disappeared without leaving any trace. The widow was left destitute; but strangers provided education for the poor boy, though of a scanty kind. When he was growing up, they placed him, though very much against his inclination, in a merchant's office. Here he felt quite out of his element, and unhappy enough. By-and-by his beautiful voice and his other artistic gifts procured for him fresh patrons. Of these the one who gave him the most efficient help was the well-known Luise Reichhard—a lady much respected in a large circle of society. To her influence he owed his deliverance from the hated counting-house, and support for a residence of several years at Dresden; therefore he adored her as a saint.

Kopmann had an incomparably beautiful voice—a tenor—which had the sweetness peculiar to this species of voice, along with the strength of a trumpet. Very flattering offers were therefore made to him by the managers of the Royal Opera House; but his love of painting made him persistently reject them. Truly festive hours were those when in the Gypssaal he sang his songs, which charmed us unspeakably, and often

brought tears to our eyes, as well as to his own. He had equally the skill to throw the whole Gypssaal into prolonged laughter by his humorous stories, his wild bold fancies, and his brilliant wit. He was a man of genius—a man greatly gifted in every direction—a man animated by intense enthusiasm for everything beautiful; and converse with him, stimulating in manifold fashions, had the highest attraction for me. That he found pleasure in my society I regarded as an extraordinary honour—and I was his faithful and affectionate comrade. And yet, as often happens with friendships formed at schools and universities, I afterwards completely lost sight of him.

A third fellow-scholar for whom I had a warm regard should have been called Rosa, if the real names of men were always those by which they are familiarly known. In the *lucus a non lucendo* mode, we called this student Rosa on account of his dark complexion. Zimmermann—such was his real name—was, so far as I know or remember, the son of poor peasants in Upper Lusatia. Of culture of a learned kind he had not an excessive supply, but his information was extensive and various, and, like Kopmann, he had abundance of wit. Moreover, he was a sincerely pious Christian, of the sterner orthodox type. He did not, however, make a parade of his religious opinions in conversation; for, like the Oriental fig-tree, he threw his blossoms inward, and, with characteristic bash-

fulness of soul, he loved to cover with copper the gold of his heart, in order that the real gold might not pass for gilt copper. Thus it came to pass that my dearest friend Rosa often said such startling things as to make the hair of other devout persons to stand on end. For instance, I remember that during a terrible storm, which shook the walls of the academy to their very foundations, he calmly uttered to us others the friendly wish that the lightning might dart through the halls, and with one stroke *finish* us all, for we might long wait for any other kind of *finishing*.

He confessed that in that case he was willing to perform for us the last offices—namely, as mourner to march behind the long procession of our coffins, and to sing. In this style of talk Kopmann was likewise fond of indulging. After the academy hours these two wit-crackers went arm-in-arm along the Brühl Terrace, and were never tired of heaping on each other the grossest insults and the most opprobrious epithets in all seriousness, yet with mock politeness. With Zimmermann I kept up for long years friendly relations after I left the academy, till the great distance of our abodes from each other finally tore us asunder.

Of another saint of a very peculiar stamp I have here to speak—a rough and tough son of Nature, who, nevertheless, was perhaps the most gifted among us. That he was called Wagner I did not learn till a much

later period, and accidentally. By his comrades he was called Schill, or Simon, which was his Christian name. The nickname Schill had been conferred on him because on every occasion he claimed respect for his hussar's breeches, which were garnished with leather, and with bright metal buttons. These breeches he had bought at an old-clothes shop in his native city, Stralsund, and he declared Schill* to have been their original wearer.

This Schill, or Simon, had received no school or any other education. He was a rough, unpolished stone from the dark bosom of the earth, yet a true and genuine precious stone. No one could conduct himself more uncouthly and offensively than he did in his fashion. But his cordiality, kindness, and honesty, and the originality and piquancy which distinguished his rudeness, made his clownish ways less annoying—indeed, disposed every one to forget them. He found many friends, which is always saying a great deal when a man is so poor that unless when he is invited to the table of strangers, nothing but bread and water goes into his mouth. One cold winter morning I found him making an onslaught with cut and with thrust on his stove, because it obstinately refused to send forth

* Ferdinand von Schill was born at Sothof, in Upper Silesia, in 1773. He was famous as a guerilla leader in the conflict between France and Germany in 1809. After being defeated by the French, he, along with twelve of his officers, was shot at Wesel.—*Tr.*

any heat. In truth, the poor fellow had no wood; but this vigorous broadsword exercise supplied the lack.

Simon at that time was the poorest of us all; but afterwards he prospered more than most of the others. He fell upon the thought of painting faithfully after nature groups of peasants belonging to the neighbourhood of Dresden, in their own garb, and in the usual circumstances surrounding them. This kind of painting was at that time new; or rather, perhaps, he applied it afresh, from following some Netherlandish models. In any case it excited a good deal of interest. The pictures were rapidly disposed of, and brought the painter so much money that he was able to establish a household of his own. He married, and he extolled his good fortune which ennobled his mind and ripened his talent. The more success was his lot, the more still, serious, and modest did he grow. Yet, through God's grace, he more and more recognised his moral needs, and sought succour from the Christian faith. Alas! he was cut off when still young by a disease of the lungs; but he died as a renewed man, and with his gaze fixed on his Redeemer.

Of a far different character from those just named was the amiable, good-natured Hermann, of Dresden, called, from some cause unknown to me, "Schneider,"* a sedate, pure, inoffensive, true-hearted man, who met every one with love and frankest trustfulness, and,

* Tailor.—*Tr.*

therefore, was beloved by all. He gave the beholder the impression that, in that heritage of wickedness and woe of which most of Adam's sons have so large a share, he had been altogether forgotten, or had obtained a very scanty portion. In the course of time his natural spotlessness of soul was transfigured into higher beauty by his earnest faith in Christianity. He was the only one of us all who subsequently became famous. By his fresco-paintings at Munich, as well as by his peculiarly instructive series of pictures illustrating the development of German history, he has become very celebrated.

Finally, I must here mention the beloved friend of my heart, Ferdinand Berthold, born, if I am not mistaken, at Meissen, where his father was a painter in one of the manufactories. He had lost his father early, but was very carefully educated by his excellent mother, who had obtained a situation as housekeeper in a Dresden hotel. Lame and infirm from childhood, he had felt himself early thrown on mental occupation, for which his gifted mind and the concentrated calm of his soul specially fitted him. He was the only one among us who had systematically studied in a gymnasium, and who possessed a comprehensive school-culture, to conserve and to extend which he now ceaselessly yearned and strived. A quiet man, dwelling in and on the inner life, he was modest, con-

templative, seemly in all he did and said; and he was certainly one of the ablest pupils in the academy.

Spite of his noble qualities, I sought intercourse with Berthold less than with many others whose frivolous tastes and tendencies afforded me more enjoyment. It was not till a later period that I entered into closer relations with him, when he had ceased to attend the academy, and had begun to keep house on his own account. His hospitality, however, was not the result of improved finances, but, alas! only the consequence of increasing infirmity. Only very rarely could poor Berthold leave the house, but received every evening visits in his chamber from his fellow-artists. To that chamber I was likewise led, at first by compassion for the invalid, but soon after by the most sincere and fervent friendship.

Berthold and his mother occupied attics five flights of stairs up, and in the same hotel in which she was a servant. Through a small dark kitchen the visitor entered, always sure to find the occupant of the room beyond waiting for his guests, who often gathered in such numbers around him that the supply of chairs fell short, and some of the guests had to find seats on the window-board. To give a repast to so many guests was out of the power of the kind host. He allowed, however, each one to bring his morsel, and to eat it when he felt inclined, and in the most free-and-easy way. The master of the house himself, as

soon as it struck seven, ate a small roll prepared for him by his mother, and which he dipped in beer. He did this, under all circumstances, standing and in haste, and in a dark recess of his room. With this exception, he sat the whole evening persistently in a deep corner of his old sofa, whence he sent forth words well fitted to animate and stimulate those present. Every one was impelled to utter his best thoughts, and, assuredly, those evenings must be counted among the best which our life afforded us in the shape of social enjoyment.

The conversation turned for the most part on subjects in which we had all a professional or artistic interest; and, when we wished to give the invalid additional delight, we brought some small production with us of our own invention, which was looked at and critically examined, and in all its aspects and points blamed and praised. From excessive modesty Berthold never submitted any production of his own to the gaze of the guests. He declared that he could no longer do anything, and yet any visitor who came upon him when he was alone always found him busy. But before he saluted the visitor, what he had been occupied with vanished. Such extreme shyness was teasing and trying to Berthold's friends. But at last a whole series of the most charming pen-and-ink drawings from Berthold's hand were accidently discovered, and their beauty surpassed all expectation. They formed a

collection of connected sketches illustrative of the Sunday life of a family of a free imperial city in the sixteenth century, and into which the pious artist had inwoven all his ideals of a citizen's household that is wholly devoted to God.

The trumpet of applause was now sounded, and Berthold could scarcely understand what was meant when an application was made to him by a Leipsic print-seller to let the whole series be engraved, that he might publish them. And Berthold did not know how to ask a low enough price, so that the print-seller might run no chance of suffering loss. The work was published, and found well-merited popularity. But, just at the moment when a glorious career was thrown open to him, the poor young man succumbed to his malady, and died in the arms of his deeply afflicted mother. Among the things left behind him many beautiful poems were found, of whose existence none of Berthold's friends had the slightest suspicion. They were for the most part spiritual songs, such as could only flow from a tender soul quickened by the Holy Spirit. And it was chiefly this tenderness of soul which had so attracted us, even those of us who had least understood it. I have known few men in the course of my life intercourse with whom was so refreshing as with the lame Berthold.

Besides those named there were other excellent fellows in the Gypssaal, such as the Dresdeners Gruner,

Zörmer, Lindau; the Mecklenburgers Schuhmacher and Leskow, the fantastic and adventurous North Frieslander Harro Harring, and others. But the length of time has too much dimmed my memory to allow me to venture on further personal delineations. Beautiful days were those when we pilgrimed on together; for nearly all the most beautiful days of our whole artistic career; for to artists, as to others, the words of the Apostle are applicable—"Many run, but few are crowned." If there is one enterprise more hazardous than another, it is the adoption of art as a profession; for it is exceedingly difficult to determine whether the faculties required exist. And even the most gifted languish and fail, if at the right moment the right incentive is wanting — namely, encouragement. Let him, therefore, who is able abstain from taking into his hand the painter's brush.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

My circle of acquaintances at the academy was not, however, limited to my comrades in the Gypssaal. Two older students, pupils of my father, but working on their own account, brought me into wider social relations. Their names were Träger and Cotta.

Träger had exceedingly fair hair and complexion; his exterior altogether was unattractive and commonplace. He came from the Rhine, had at an earlier

period been a clerk; but some years before he had devoted himself to painting. Though, however, his professional training had been so brief, he was the most conspicuous scholar in the academy, and had already made a name which must finally have been classed with the most illustrious, if he had not, alas! died young. This man, so greatly gifted, was, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance, the favourite of every one who came into contact with him, and enjoyed the highest esteem. Exceedingly obliging, quiet, modest, he was as nice in discernment as he was delicate in sympathy; he had a quick eye for everything good and real in nature and in art, and the special talent of making, almost in a moment, what he saw visible and intelligible to others. It was, therefore, a supreme enjoyment for me to have Träger by my side, when I looked at pictures; for instance, the Dresden collections, or when I turned over the portfolios and engravings of my father. On such occasions Träger was, indeed, not a spendthrift of words; as a rule, he said nothing. But when, with that cordial yet by no means loud laugh which was peculiar to him, he, in highly characteristic fashion, followed with his finger what pleased him, I understood better, more clearly and convincingly what I saw, than would have been possible through the most detailed explanation. To me, the beginner, who stood so far below him, he who was becoming a master-workman descended and conde-

scended in the kindest manner, encouraged me by counsel and by deed, and grew into my dear friend.

The other, called Cotta, the son of a painter in Rudolstadt, was a tall pock-marked man, in light green furred coat. His features were grim, but their ugliness did not offend, because it harmonised with the entire characteristics of the individual. Very different from Träger, he was boisterous, rough, almost boorish, but never insipid. Träger, who painted saints and beautiful angels, sought inspiration chiefly in the ideal; Cotta sought it in what was common. He was accustomed to say that a beautifully painted cat was more to his liking than the most magnificently imagined or depicted angel, and that was the apology he offered for his own choice of subjects. He painted dogs, horses, Cossacks, Baschkirs; for the last having a strong and very sympathetic preference. A collection of his etchings, representing war scenes, had been published, and had been well received by the world of art and artists. My father found great delight in this man of vigorous genius, as well on account of his productions as of his jovial nature. He, and likewise Träger, belonged to the guests who were most warmly welcomed at our house, and no rural excursions could be thought of at which he was not present. He always carried his sketch-book with him, and caught up whatever presented itself, dashing off with a few light strokes very charming pictures. When on such occa-

sions I was looking out, but in vain, for suitable subjects, in order to do what he was doing, he laughed at me, and declared that I could not see the forest for the trees; for he was of opinion that besides what is usually called beautiful, all the rest is clothed with the highest charm if we simply seize it with a sharp eye. "All the rest"—that is to say, whatsoever is usually not called beautiful—had an irresistible fascination for him, especially if it was very much decayed, or dilapidated, or old. A worn-out horse, a squalid cottage, an old drunken fellow, made him immediately take out his sketch-book, while he passed unmoved a beautiful Arab steed, a palace, or an Apollo Belvidere. When I expressed my astonishment thereat, he said, "You are right. I was born an ox, and an ox I have determined to remain. You, however, my little man, have refinement and learning."

Of social gatherings in our house, where people sat with their hands idle, no one had the slightest idea. When we sat together in the evening every one was busy with something, and it made no difference whether friends were present or not. My father, as a rule, fashioned small wax figures, as preparatory studies for his pictures; my brother carved all kinds of figures in wood, or made drawings from Ridinger's "Hunting Scenes," and I "invented,"* as, following Cotta's example, I called rough-drawing

* May mean also "inventoried."—*Tr.*

my own ideas. I was never at a loss for these. Among the Gypssaal scholars, who for the most part were satisfied with studying and sketching heads, waiting patiently for some future time to give them inspiration for creations of their own, I was the richest in independent and original invention, and I filled my portfolio with a number of small compositions. If these, taken altogether, were not much better imagined than executed, and not much better executed than imagined, yet my well-wishers, Cotta and Träger, found pleasure in them, and persuaded me to join a composition-union, the members of which were all older and much further advanced than I. The matter required thought; for, as a rule, no one could be accepted as a member who had not either painted a picture, or who was not a scholar in the first class of the academy, the Oelsaal (Oil Hall), and, in the exceptional cases, a single black ball was sufficient to exclude. But my friends strove to encourage me.

"May the devil take all these whims," cried Cotta, "if they prove the cause of your failure, my learned little man!"

I had to attend the meetings of the society three times as a visitor, in order that the members might become acquainted with me, and was then unanimously elected.

In the Royal Academy, besides painting, respecting which it was pre-eminently supposed that every one

must invent it for himself or privately learn it, drapery-drawing and composition were completely neglected. The society, therefore, of which I had now become a member, had, under the name of "art-union," constituted itself as a substitutional or supplementary school, especially in the two branches just mentioned. Every Saturday evening we met in a place hired for the purpose, and began our studies first of all on the model.

For the master-workman, heads are the most difficult thing; next in difficulty is the naked figure; drapery is the easiest thing. With the learner, the very contrary holds true. Therefore, in the productions of beginners, we find more tolerable heads than naked figures, and these, in their turn, inferior to the drapery. Heads are the last thing which a master-workman, drapery is the last thing which a learner, comprehends. Drapery never becomes intelligible to, or treatable by, the mere dilettante.

Of these difficulties I had at that time no conception, and on my first visit as a member to the "art-union," I, with a good deal of carelessness, sat down at the table to work. I said to myself that, after all, folds are folds, and need neither to be resembling nor understood, because they have neither physiognomies, nor muscles, nor bones. In the course of half an hour, I thought I had mastered the whole model, with everything that hung around it and on it, and though what I had done could not lay claim to any peculiar

grace or charm, this did not surprise me, for the puppet was manifestly in the same condition. With a feeling of considerable indifference I rose to look at Träger's work, and was profoundly astonished. Träger, it is true, had drawn only a portion of the drapery, yet with the same accuracy and sharpness as if the features of a human face had been concerned. Real and beautiful folds were his, while mine resembled intestines. At my request my friend took my place; he showed me that folds, though they have not properly any anatomical structure, have yet a species of organism, that is, a law of their formation, according to which they must be perceived and conceived, and that my manner of looking at them had been merely superficial. I went to work with new zeal and greater interest; but the problem became from day to day more difficult, and the mystery or enigma of the folds cost me many a bitter sigh before they could in any measure be distinguished from roots and entrails.

Much more enjoyment did the remaining part of the evening bring me. After having partaken in common of a meal of potatoes fried in butter, we opened the portfolios again, and the compositions we had brought with us were exhibited. One and the same subject was treated by us all in sketches more or less elaborated. The subjects were taken from Goethe's poems, and as there were about twenty of us, a single evening brought a display of about twenty "Clärchens," "Mignons,"

"Tassos," and "Iphigenias." It was very entertaining to see in what different manners the various individual talents had solved the problem. The criticism was of a very free-and-easy kind, though, as a rule, the simple placing of the sketches side by side was enough, just as the feebler light grows pale of itself before the brighter. I remember that one evening, when the "Erlkönig" had come in its order to be treated, the drawing of a certain Kraft, who, alas! soon after died, was so exceedingly striking, that we others all threw our sketches into the fire. When the sketches had every one been examined and criticised, we spent the rest of the evening in singing and talking. Each of us now came forth in his most attractive aspects, and the charm of sociality was enjoyed, as in such stimulating and untroubled fashion it only can be enjoyed among young men who have devoted themselves to an artistic or scientific vocation.

To the moral dignity of the first founders, to the strictness of the balloting, and to the skilful guidance of our excellent leader, the copper-plate engraver, Stölzel, was it owing that all impure elements were excluded. So far as I could see, we formed a very praiseworthy society, fitted to further the objects of the academy. Nevertheless, we did not escape the mistrust of the authorities of the academy. Cotta, therefore, thought that they were possessed by a devil. In truth, I know not why the royal board of managers, as well

as most of the professors, frowned upon us, unless because we took the same attitude towards the latter which Dissenters take towards the Established Church, that is to say, did not show ourselves too much satisfied with the instruction they gave. Moreover, it cannot be denied that some of us wore the "Old German" coats, which were supposed to indicate or symbolise political tendencies. As, however, no substantial accusations could be brought against us, those in authority meanwhile allowed us to live unmolested.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE OLD GERMAN COAT.

Assuredly, it was a marvellous spirit which at that time haunted the brain of German youths; and that it haunted to some extent my own brain has already been announced. As formerly at school, I was now an enthusiast for the retrogression of the Fatherland's culture to the days gone by, for a return to the traditional virtues of honour and fidelity, of faith, valour, and chastity. I persuaded myself that I recognised all these virtues in those who wore the "Old German" garb; therefore, I thought I must put on the "Old German" garb myself to make known my "virtue," and to be recognisable by those holding the same sentiments. The sagacious Rosa said, indeed, that even if he were to grant that we, with our long hair and our naked necks, were genuine "Old Germans," and

patriarchs from very remote antiquity, yet it was a fact unknown to him that those ancients had never deceived and lied: Consequently, he could not understand why we had such uncommon confidence in our coats. His sarcastic observations did not offend me, for to say odd things was what he was very fond of; and I continued before his eyes, and the eyes of other people, to run about with utmost freedom in my ridiculous masquerading attire. A fantastical cap of velvet covering my long hair, which fell down in ringlets; a short black coat; a broad shirt-collar flowing exuberantly over the top of the coat; an iron chain, on which hung, not indeed a sword, but a dagger, joining whose ebony handle was a silver death's-head; such was my costume.

When thus attired I was one evening going over the bridge, I saw standing in one of the recesses a youth similarly attired, brown in complexion and beautiful as King David when a young shepherd. The youth gazed at those passing along, while at his ease he ate a huge piece of brown bread, which he held in his hand.

"Are you a Bursche?" he said to me.

I stopped and confessed that I was a painter. He declared that that gave him great pleasure as he was in Dresden, the city of the arts. With frank warmth he put his arm in mine, and we forthwith marched on like good brothers. There was no deceit among *us*, the

wearers of queer raiment. We attributed what was best to each other; and let Rosa say what he might, we were rarely mistaken, for every one is disposed to be what he is regarded as being, especially if it is anything good.

I had in truth made the acquaintance of a noble youth, fresh in soul, joyous, honest, and free; just such a youth as Father Jahn would have liked and wished. No doubt the freedom might prove to be somewhat turbulent, the honesty somewhat wilful. But with the very best of us it was not otherwise. With some pride, I presented my new friend, Ernst Förster, to the members of the "art-union," by whom he was as cordially welcomed as if it had been foreseen that he was soon himself to become a painter, a brilliant writer on subjects of art, and the son-in-law of the universal favourite, Jean Paul Friedrich Richter. First of all we had the pleasure of singing, as a brotherly band, a song he composed for us, and we had delight in gazing on his handsome face, which in various modes and styles was drawn or painted. Furthermore, I introduced him to my father, who showed him his pictures, and had much joy in his candour, his thoroughness, and his pithy words.

"There is something very singular," said my father, "in this new order of young men."

My dear father was a man of refinement, and modest, of intensely conservative and aristocratic principles

and disposition. Between him and the "Old German patriarchs," as Rosa called them, there was little in common except the youthful freshness he had retained. Yea, if he had known to what results the spirit stirring in those youthful hearts must inevitably lead, he would have opposed it with all his force. At that time, however, he hoped that some good fruits might come from the stern even if rough morality, for which there was so much enthusiasm. Like Krummacher, he laughed at all the rest as childish foolery, and thought that it must inevitably perish from its own absurdity. He was a truly noble, large-hearted man, who thoroughly hated nothing but vulgarity; and the spirit of the youth of the period was certainly not vulgar. My father therefore did not interfere with my sympathies, though he tried to purify them—tried to keep them from eccentricities.

My mother displayed less tolerance in the matter. The fanciful attire in which we delighted was offensive to her sober taste, and bitterly she missed the polish and softness of manners, as well as the modesty in judgment and behaviour so becoming to youth. She was far from believing also that these improprieties would die away of themselves, but rather that they would degenerate into the fiercest barbarity. I had, therefore, often to suffer from her criticism, till an event occurred which brought to an end the ostentatious display of the "Old German" garb.

One fine morning news reached the Gypssaal of the murder of Kotzebue, a writer whom, with more or less reason or injustice, we hated with our whole heart. Though I had read none of his writings, yet I was thoroughly convinced that he was a literary poisoner, a Russian spy, a traitor to the Fatherland—an abyss of all wickedness and abomination. This pit of hell, with its pestilential vapour, the heroic youth Sand had closed—sacrificing himself, like another Curtius, for the Fatherland and its holiest interests. I thought that even my mother must rejoice at what Sand had done, for on every occasion she had expressed dislike to Kotzebue's muse.

Instead of this, both my parents were profoundly shocked, not merely by the assassination of which Sand, from a mere impulse of his own, had been guilty, but almost more by my attempts to justify the deed. Such were the atrocities, they declared, to which the "Old German virtue" already led! It had become the mother of an assassination, and the "patriarchs" seemed not disinclined to accept the child. Who, however, could henceforth be sure of his life, if hot-brained youths were to form *Vehmgerichte*, or secret tribunals?

Those in authority believed at first that this murder had been committed in obedience to a decree of the universal *Burschenschaft*, as members of which they regarded all who wore the "Old German" garb. But

even if it were not so, they were convinced that the murder had been caused by that spirit of audacious self-assertion which "Old Germanism" had evoked. And to crush that spirit seemed to them a duty and a necessity. In all the halls of the academy, therefore, copies of a royal ordinance were fixed up, commanding long hair, and "German" garments and arms, to be laid aside. The coat, indeed, does not make the murderer. Nevertheless, the "German" coat had been brought to shame by a wicked action, and could no longer be viewed as a symbol of "human and patriotic virtue."

I, as the son of a professor, was naturally expected to be the first to adopt this creed; and hairdressers and tailors speedily accomplished on me the work of an external conversion, by me much detested. It was a miserable affair, and never in my life was I so ashamed of myself as then, when I had least cause to be so. Shorn, and in the "Philistine" dress, I showed to my excellent mother that home was again dear to me; but I had scarcely the courage to venture outside of the door. Exactly now, when I looked like other Saxons, I darted with stooping head through the streets of their capital, dreading to be an object of special attention to all the world; and many weeks elapsed before I could get over the grief caused by the onslaught made by the police on my mode of dressing, or could again feel at my ease.

But the crime of Sand was fruitful in more serious discomfort. The stricter supervision to which all academical institutions were subjected in consequence of the "Carlsbader Beschliesse,"* broke up our "art-union." So many difficulties were thrown in our way, that we determined to dissolve it ourselves. For a considerable time, in the hope of better days, we gave to our society a semblance of life. Renouncing the name, the statutes, and the artistic exercises, we met from time to time in lodgings or taverns, to drink a glass of beer together. However, the ruin was irretrievable: the phœnix never rose again from its ashes.

* "Carlsbad Decrees." These decrees were so called because they were the result of a conference of statesmen held at Carlsbad. They were passed on the 20th September, 1819, were accepted and enforced by the German Diet, and were of an extremely reactionary character. —*Tr.*

CHAPTER II.

WHY THERE IS ANOTHER JOURNEY TO LAUSA.

I HAVE now to go back several months, when a loss befell me which I felt much more keenly than the loss of my hair and of my "German" coat. My mother, continuing to be in a very infirm state of health, had expressed the wish to get some young maiden into the house to assist her. For this purpose she thought of a female relative in the Rhine district, "Helene X.," who was sixteen years old, was my mother's godchild, and excited my mother's deepest interest. Helena's parents gave their consent, and late in the autumn of 1818, we looked forward to the arrival of this cousin, who up to that time had been wholly unknown to us all. She was expected by young and old with some excitement, perhaps most of all by me—for the fame of her lovableness and beauty had preceded her, and I was just at the age when the eyes begin to perceive and to admire such excellences. But bright as the idea which my imagi-

nation had formed might be, it was far transcended when the lady looked-for finally arrived, and, stripping off her winter wrappings, stood before me as fresh and lovely as a morning in May.

An equally pleasing exterior in a lady who was a mere stranger, would have made me timid and kept me at a distance. Helena, however, was anything but a stranger — she was a near relative whom even from the outset we could address with the familiar "thou," who threw her arms round our neck when saluting us, and who manifested as much kindness and confidingness as a sister. I had not yet had any companionship with a female cousin. I found it delightful, and rejoiced that it could be entered on with so much ease. We were at once the very best friends, went walking arm-in-arm, sang together, and could chat unceasingly. Helena had great freshness of nature, and much vivacity and cheerfulness. When she told funny stories of her home in the prettiest dialect possible, and laughed as an accompaniment with her bell-like voice, my heart danced in my breast with gladness. In my rapture I felt as if I could have eaten her up as a dainty morsel.

By bringing such a charming maiden into the house my parents had assuredly no intention to throw live coals into a barrel of gunpowder; yet this is exactly what happened. Probably they thought that their eldest son's blood was much colder than it turned out

to be; for up to that period my mind had been so filled by the heads I saw in the Gypssaal, that I had scarcely paid any attention to living heads, and I had gazed with thorough indifference at the pretty young maidens with whom at Dresden we were acquainted. Helena, however, could not thus be passed by. She was perpetually before me; whithersoever I looked there was she, and I was never tired of looking. Moreover, I naturally persuaded myself that as my brother and sister were still mere children, and were kept busy at school, it was chiefly my duty to satisfy the poor maiden's claim to social intercourse. Therefore I spent all my leisure time with her, did my best to make her glad, and like a silly moth came always nearer and nearer to the flame round which I darted. About love not a word was said; there seemed to be nothing but friendship and relationship. Nevertheless, the little boy Amor had already seized me by the hair. I was always more and more ensnared by the most omnipotent of passions, whose hidden stings I did not yet know. At first I felt nothing but supreme blessedness, and saw the whole world in a rosy glow, so splendid, so rich in colour, as if the world were still the garden of Eden, where our first parents were lovers.

Alas! our poor world is no longer a Paradise, and the garlands it still offers us are capable, under circumstances, of the most terrible transformation. My inexperienced heart had gradually been brought to that

inclined plane where there are no holding points of repose, where small concessions that formerly made happy no longer content, and where the cheerful illumination of the soul is changed into devouring flame. I was frightened at myself. The more uncorrupted I really was, the hotter boiled my blood, and like a lunatic I had soon only one thought, and that thought was Helena. She was the only element in which I could live; besides her nothing existed, and all interest in nature and art, in parents, in brother, in sister, in friends, had vanished. I had become a puppet in a maiden's hand.

Thus was it, and that thus it could not continue to be, became manifest to me; but not equally manifest how it was to be different. I could neither pluck the arrow from my heart nor let it remain. Above all, marriage could not be thought of; for the near relationship and Helena's Catholic faith seemed to make this impossible. It is true that I combated my passion with all my strength—at least so I believe; tried to avoid what I loved, clung to my brother more than formerly, visited my friends, and even kept a journal in which my acts were chronicled. But it was all in vain, and the results of my efforts were despondency and ill-temper. I was even unjust and insulting to her to whom I should have been glad to consecrate my whole existence, my utmost tenderness; and while she wept I, tormented by conscience, rushed lonely

and at night over the misty heath like a foolish "Werther."

When one evening, long after supper was over, I came home excessively exhausted, and was going straight to bed, my father came to me and said: "You have something lying as a burden on your heart."

Assuredly I had. I threw my arms round my father's neck, and requested him to grant me a moment's conversation.

My father took me with him into his own room, placed his half-burnt candle on a *console*, and removed a number of portfolios from the small couch which stood between the skeleton and the model. There we sat, surrounded by the countless utensils of the studio, in the midst of which I had always from childhood felt so much at home. My confession was made easier by the questions which my father first of all addressed to me, and a conversation began which filled me with unspeakable gratitude toward my father; for he approached me not as a judge, but as a sympathising friend. Probably he had imagined something much worse than I had to avow; for gradually all anxiety vanished from his face. He said that in such cases we ought never to be ashamed to run away,* forasmuch as the only possible victory must here be sought in flight; that Helena I must not again see; and that I must start in the morning early for the residence

* Literally and more graphically, "to seize the hare-banner."—*Tr.*

of the pastor Roller. He maintained that no one who knew me would be astonished that I was seized by the inclination to pay a visit to Lausa at an unseasonable hour; and if, after his fashion, Roller pressed me to remain, there would be just as little to excite surprise. As to the rest, we must be resigned to the will of God.

I went to bed. The conversation with my father had bound me by the bonds of the most intense and reverential love to this my best friend, and strengthened me. I had no longer to meet the foe in my heart with my own unaided force, but had found an ally. Rejoicing in this conviction I fell calmly asleep.

Next morning, when profound silence still reigned in the house, my father roused me from bed, gave me a letter to Roller, and urged me to make haste. At the break of day I darted off, out of the house, out of the gate, and away into the forest. It was a raw morning, and to keep myself warm, I ran like a brush-maker; but I felt as if I were marching over graves, and in every grave I saw Helena. I was so miserable that the tears gushed from my heart to my eyes, and lay on my cheeks like glazed frost; yet it seemed as if stillness and peace had come. When the dead are buried, then and not before arriveth consolation.

Helena did not cause me any anxiety. I thought that she must miss her companion when in the evening he was not present, and when on the morrow, and again on the morrow, he did not return to her. But I was

not vain enough to suppose that her feeling had the remotest resemblance to mine. Besides, I knew that my parents, who loved her as a daughter, would not allow her to bear the blame and the burden of my folly.

THE HOUSE-FATHERS.

When I entered the house of Roller, he was eating his early morning meal, which consisted of brown bread softened in water, and of rich milk. I had knocked, and he had invited me to come in; but he did not appear to notice my entrance. I suppose he thought I might wait. But when at last he looked up and perceived me, he put down the metal spoon and gazed at me as if I had been a ghost. Then came the following conversation:—

Roller: "Unde?" (Whence?)

I: "Dresdis" (from Dresden).

Roller: "Bene" (very well).

Thereupon my old friend, bursting into laughter, and repeating "*Bene*" again and again, came toward me, clasped me in his arms, and said—

"You are an early visitor, but always welcome. Have you breakfasted?"

When I replied that I had not, Roller pushed open with his foot the so-called grating, and shouted down—

"Holla! Schwimm is here—bring coffee! And now, *mi fili*, how long are you going to remain?"

I gave him my father's letter, and he went to the window to read it. It was a painful moment. All detailed explanations of the affair made me shudder, especially if uttered to this man, respecting whom I took it for granted that he must have the vulgar ideas of a peasant about love-matters. He read the letter slowly and seriously, folded it and put it away, lit his pipe, and began to smoke.

Thereupon he spoke to me as follows—

"Your father has written everything to me. That has befallen you which is the lot of other people, and therefore you have no cause to be either ashamed or grieved. Jonathan shall bring your things from the city; for that you remain with me I take for granted; and nothing better can for a time be done."

He added that I had come just at the right time, for he had to give hospitable entertainment in the after part of the day to the house-fathers, and I could, as a matter of course, be present.

I felt as if a great stone had been rolled away from my heart. I now knew that Roller was sure never to utter a word about the matter; and with a feeling of great relief I sat down to my coffee, regarded also this moment the right one to defy my father's prohibition, and to smoke a pipe beyond my strict allowance. Roller was of the same opinion, and gave me even a dispensation for all further transgressions of the same kind, inasmuch as those in his house must

follow *his* rule, and abstainers from smoking bored him.

This was how matters stood in reference to the house-fathers already mentioned. Roller was in the habit of inviting to his house all his people twice a year, but in distinct groups. House-fathers, house-mothers, young unmarried men, young unmarried women, school children—each of these classes was separately entertained. In summer there was a country excursion; in winter there was a social gathering at the parsonage. And on this day it was the turn of the house-fathers. To receive them the large room on the ground-floor was put in order. All transportable furniture was cleared out, seats belonging to the schoolroom were ranged along the wall, and a barrel of beer, with its appropriate tap, was placed on supports. In the middle of the room stood a large table with various chip-boxes, respecting which Roller offered no explanation.

At the appointed hour the guests entered in great numbers—farmers, gardeners, mechanics, labourers, —all in long coats, high boots, and with round combs in their hair. For every one the master of the house had some jovial words, a genuine German shake of the hand, and a clay pipe. Then the guests took their places—first the farmers, and then the others—according to rank and consideration. As for me, it seemed as if I could only figure in this private company as tapster. I therefore took my place close to the barrel,

drew the beer and presented it, made the full jugs pass on and received the empty jugs back. The pastor sat at the table, and communicated first of all the newest information about missions. Then he asked some of the guests their opinion on certain things, encouraged others to give technical explanations regarding their special employments, and soon a general and very lively conversation went on, which Roller had great skill in guiding. As an accompaniment my beer fountain flowed and foamed evermore, and the singularity of the whole affair entertained me so much that I almost forgot the trouble of my heart. Yes; I could have imagined or invented nothing better as a remedy for my pain than this gathering of peasants—of men who knew nothing about Goethe and Shakespeare, but who were more fitted to delight both of these, and especially the latter, than many a literary assemblage in capital cities. Wise and healthy views in great abundance existed at that time among the German country-people, along with stern integrity and pithy, pungent expression, all of which are disappearing through the false enlightenment of modern times.

At last my barrel was empty, and the second act of the revels followed. Roller had invented an amusement which might have been supposed not to be at all suited to such grave and solid guests. The boxes on the table were now opened, and some hundreds of wooden soldiers were brought out, which I, follow-

ing Roller's directions, had to place in order of battle. At these soldiers the guests shot or threw with a leaden ball, which from the outset, to my astonishment and that of the peasants, had like a garden spider hung by a thread above the table. Two parties played against each other for prunes, half a bushel thereof, in a sack, being placed at the disposal of the guests. The peculiar tricks of this game I have in the course of time forgotten; but I know that the peasants amused themselves beyond measure, and displayed a sharp wit, every awkward or unsuccessful throw making them jest at each other's expense. Roller took no part in the actual conflict, but contented himself, chewing a straw, like Wellington at Waterloo, with commanding and with maintaining order. At the end of half an hour the troops were all dead, and with their pockets full of prunes the house-fathers, after heartily thanking their pastor, withdrew.

"They have been delighted that you drew beer for them," said Roller, "and whenever they meet you, they are sure to have pleasant feelings toward you. As a rule city folks, on account of their haughtiness, are not much liked when in the country."

ROLLER AND HIS PEOPLE.

It might have been supposed that an intercourse of the pastor with his parishioners, such as that just

depicted, could not fail to endanger the respect due to him. And certainly this would have been the case if any pastor had been tempted to imitate what Roller did. But Roller was a king to whom, spite of his many singularities, no one dared to refuse the respect he claimed. He was not merely superior to his rustics in everything—in character, mind, and culture—but, what they highly esteemed, he had the gift of counselling them in their affairs; and even down to the minutest point connected with their particular occupations. When he went through the village, and saw that any one did not know how to set about a thing in the right way—perhaps in pruning a vine, or the trees of an orchard, or planting a hedge, or thatching a roof, or so on—he immediately set his hand to the work, and showed how it could be done better. Last of all, the people knew that their pastor was in danger always the foremost. The first at the fire-engine or on the fire-ladder, he had diminished or hindered many a disaster; and more than once, during the last war, he had by his resolute intervention kept the brutality of foreign soldiers in check.

As far as any one can be so without narrow-heartedness, Roller was a theologian of a decidedly Lutheran and orthodox stamp, and was opposed to every modern innovation in doctrine and worship. He was very proud that his church, through the influence of its patrons, still retained the Dresden hymn-book, with

the original hymns of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and the rites practised and the ordinances observed were likewise derived from the time of Luther; so that divine worship at Lausa had still the dignity of an ecclesiastical system inherited from the olden time. Above all things Roller was a true pastor, courageously and loyally faithful in his vocation, and the duties which it imposed in church, and school, and home were to him a supreme delight. The nobleness of his office he knew how to maintain vigorously. He loved his congregation as a man loves a bride, was helpful to every one without respect of persons, had never any quarrels for mercenary reasons, and whosoever needed a friend knew that he could find one at the parsonage.

Such a man was sure to enjoy respect, even the respect of his enemies—of whom our pastor never had any lack, because he was accustomed to say frankly, and to every one's face, what he thought, and this was sometimes by no means complimentary to the person addressed. He always, however, took an imposing attitude toward his opponents and gainsayers, and how much soever they might slander him behind his back, none of them ventured to resist him face to face. They had not even the courage to refuse his invitations, and while they played with him like good children for prunes, they were for the most part soothed and reconciled. Enemies on principle—that is to say, enemies

who hated him for the Gospel's sake—he had not in his own parish, and it was not easy for him to have any. But elsewhere he had them in all classes of society, cultivated and uncultivated, and the further away the more they abounded. For the isolated position he occupied in regard to theological faith, he was notorious through the whole country, but thoroughly and correctly known only to a few; and those who were not really acquainted with him regarded him as a hypocrite and a fanatic; and such is the fate of every one whose ways are not those of the multitude. For these reasons he was by no means a favourite with the ecclesiastical authorities; but, as neither his life nor his discharge of his professional duties offered any very vulnerable points, as his preaching rested on the basis of the Confession, which was legally recognised, and as no complaints were ever made by the parishioners, he was from necessity left unassailed. To himself it was absolutely indifferent what the world thought of him, or said about him. Nevertheless, every proof of attachment which his parishioners or friends showed him greatly gladdened him.

Exceedingly loving and charming was the intercourse of this apparently hard man with children; for he and children perfectly understood each other. Children's manner of thinking and feeling was nearer to his own than that of most grown people.

"When I see a child," he said, "a sweet arrow goes through my heart."

He loved all children, the ugly as well as the beautiful, because the angels of children always behold the face of the Heavenly Father. Therefore he never indulged in any nonsensical sport with children, never jeered them, never was angry or violent with them, but had toward them the patience and the indulgence of a mother. They on their part clung to him with the most devoted tenderness. When after the working hours he with his staff, which had been made from a sturdy vine, walked through the village to visit one person or another, the little folks darted out from houses and gardens, kissed his hands, caressed him, and were caressed by him. Frequently a whole multitude of children accompanied him as he walked along, to whom he talked as calmly and reasonably as he would have done to their seniors in years.

It was therefore a festival for all the children, great and small, when the Herr Pastor went on a walking excursion with the village school. In regular array, with banners and with song, the procession went to some beautiful part of the landscape bordering on the water; and while the girls gathered wood, made fires, and cut into slices bread which had been brought from the parsonage, the boys fished in the brook to considerable distances with hooks, purse-nets, or with the naked hand, just as every one was inclined or was able. Then

all the fish that had been caught, consisting usually of considerable quantities of small smerlins, fresh-water sprats, and gudgeons, were thrown into the pots which stood ready with boiling water to receive them, and, with onions, butter, and salt, were cooked into a thick mass. The older girls were the cooks, and the pastor himself distributed the dish when ready in such fashion that each child received a large slice of bread with a spoonful of the fish-stew spread on it. How delicious this dish was it is impossible to say.

When the repast was over, children's songs and hymns composed by Roller himself were sung to well-known tunes, and between whiles edifying or amusing stories were told, just as was found fitting. There could not be a more enchanting picture than that presented by these picturesque groups of stalwart peasant children lying in the sunshine and on the heather round their equally stalwart pastor — the smaller ones creeping close to him with tender confidingness, and all hanging on his words, or, when they sang, looking down in the excess of their devoutness.

WHAT FURTHER HAPPENED IN LAUSA.

During the visit to Lausa of which I am now speaking, rural excursions either with or without the school-children could not be thought of, for it was winter, hard and cold, and for this reason the manifold labours

likewise reposed which Roller was in the habit of carrying on so unceasingly in the courtyard and in the garden. To this arrangement I had no objection, for it afforded me leisure for drawing and painting, which I much preferred to hoeing and digging. Of subjects for my pictorial skill there was no lack, for everybody wanted to be painted, from the pastor, his sisters and his brother, down to the "house-children." I drew the whole company with pencils of various colours, and Roller had supreme delight in my labours. Yea, he gave to what I did as much attention as if Titian had been sitting in my place, and producing, by a kind of enchantment, the most marvellous pictures. He often paused in his own affairs to look at my performances, and he could not always keep from expressing his applause. When people came to him—peasants, men-servants, and maid-servants, any one, indeed, who had anything to ask or a message to deliver—my pictures were placed before them, both those finished and those unfinished; and as riddles, too, in order that the person might guess for whom a particular picture was intended. Many were ready in a moment with an answer. "A man," exclaimed one, after gazing with goggle-eyes at the portrait of Jonathan. Another, after some reflection, said, "That, no doubt, is intended to represent something painted." When such remarks were made, Roller, with a murmur of compassion, was accustomed to put the drawings

quietly away. But he was not much better contented with the laconic answers of more intelligent critics, who recognised, indeed, the persons whom it was intended to represent, but who did not make any further remarks. According to him, people should not look at works of art as cattle might, which have neither joy nor pain in gazing, and which can neither say A nor B after they have gazed. People should know whether a thing pleases them or not, and why; therefore, he often urged the critics to make detailed observations. Thus pressed, some of the older men ventured to say that the Herr Pastor had a very natural look, as if he were about to fall into a passion; that Mamsell Charitas was black under the nose, a thing likely enough, and easily explained; and that Rhoda had a swollen cheek, because accidents in such matters were very likely to occur; and so on.

Roller attached great importance to such opinions, for he said that they were unbiassed, and were uttered by persons who, without any artistic prepossessions, saw nature just as it was.

"Not one of my people," he said, "is likely to find, when he sees Charitas, that she is black under the nose, or that Rhoda has a swollen cheek, unless the one has not washed her face, and has given a box on the ear to the other, neither of which things ever occurs. Pay attention to these hints, my dear boy."

Furthermore, my pastor was of opinion that I should

be grateful to the country-people for looking on my artistic productions with such an extremely sympathetic eye, for the common man is in the habit of having but very small taste for anything that does not appertain to the nourishment of the body and the necessaries of life. Finally, he maintained to me that if I had derived no other advantages from my residence at Lausa, I had at least learned to bear praise and blame, and that was a good deal.

From all this it may be seen that not without usefulness did I spend my days at Lausa, and not less profitably were my evenings spent. It is scarcely worth while making mention here of the pulverising and apothecary-wise putting into paper parcels of the charred magpies, of working nets, of trimming fishing lines, and of the like household occupations in which Roller delighted, and compelled me to take part. Of more importance is it to state that I was now often deemed worthy to spend the evening at Hermsdorf.

The castle by itself was well worthy of a visit. It was a large, magnificent edifice of the olden time, had three towers, and, with its offices, was separated by a ditch filled with water from the farmyard and from the park. When the visitor passed a drawbridge he entered under a low gateway into the castle-court, where, in the summer, fountains played, and which presented the most charming appearance. Farther on,

a spacious stone vestibule admitted the visitor into the ground-floor; then he found before him a spiral staircase, which, running up the middle tower, led to the apartments above. Here beauty, and stillness, and amplitude were equally notable. Nothing recalled to the visitor the limitations of common life; nothing reminded him of what is merely for the delight of the eye, of effeminacy, of pomp. There was everything needful to the comfort of an agreeable life; but there was nothing useless, nothing dazzling, nothing merely for show.

To the delightful impression made by this domestic simplicity corresponded that made by the persons who here dwelt. The count and the countess had both that kind of character which excited the desire of warmest friendship with them. They were simple, truthful, and benevolent; their whole nature and existence had for foundation the most sterling principle. Though they lived in retirement from the whole world, yet they were far from condemning themselves to absolute solitude, for their house had gradually become the gathering-point for all fellow-believers belonging to all churches and confessions of Christendom, a true *hospitium ecclesiæ Dei*, where, as he passed on, many a pilgrim gained strength and received a blessing for more extended pilgrimages. All notable persons who were active in spreading the kingdom of God, when they came to Dresden, took a journey to Hermsdorf to

see the *hospitium* and its inmates. In that *hospitium* were to be seen brethren from England, France, Russia, and America; missionaries from the remotest parts of the earth, Lutherans, Calvinists of all denominations, even Catholics, and they all felt themselves bound together by one faith and love, and one hope. Among the believers in Revelation belonging to all churches, there existed at that time a supremely edifying heart union, which had nothing whatever in common with the Royal Prussian Church Union of the period. Indeed, the latter was the caricature, and became the ruin, of the former. There is always a great distinction between stretching our hand over the hedge to individuals and keeping up good-fellowship with them, and removing the hedge altogether, mingling and effacing distinctive characteristics. Count Dohna and his pastor were decided opponents of that Prussian levelling which made light of, and indeed sacrificed, all internal truth. They recognised every one who aspired to be, or who claimed to be, a disciple of Christ, and whether he was a Quaker or an Anabaptist, as travelling along the same path as themselves; but they vindicated the Lutheran confession as the only true one, and they wished it to remain as the uncontaminated and unmutilated heritage of a Saxon people. It is true that Rationalism had broken as much into Lutheran folds as into all others, and substantially held sway therein; nevertheless, the Lutheran confession in

Saxony still stood under the protection of the law, and it seemed dangerous wantonly and wilfully to abandon this position. There was much discourse respecting these and the like spiritual topics on the evenings when I was present. Very earnestly I listened to the conversation of my elders, and derived at least one advantage from it—namely, that of being made in some measure acquainted with the theological and ecclesiastical questions of the time.

The house of the Dohnas was, however, not the only one we visited. The most magnificent sledge-road and sledge season, and perhaps also the desire to entertain his guest, tempted my pastor to more distant excursions; and the plough-horse, Peter, transfigured into a sledge-steed and adorned with bells, conveyed us with his liveliest jog-trot all round to the neighbouring parsonages. The ecclesiastics whom we visited were no doubt, as Rationalists, Roller's theological antipodes. Personally, however, they seemed by no means hostile to him, and treated him with respect and courtesy. And, indeed, they were for the most part themselves very estimable people, in intercourse with whom there was abundance of enjoyment; for instance, at Leiffersdorf, with the amiable Hilliger, who was a lover of the arts, or with the Pastor Richter, in Ottendorf, who lived as venerable patriarch in the midst of a blooming family.

One of these ecclesiastical worthies, an old, withered,

and bony man, who was a bachelor, had a maid-servant to wait upon him, but had no kinsfolk living with him, was distinguished by a very striking originality. His name I have forgotten — perhaps I never heard it; for he usually, from the place where he was parish-clergyman, was called nothing but "the Bernstorfer." Most of his ecclesiastical brethren shunned him on account of his disagreeable singularities, and he avoided *them* perhaps because they affected to know more than he, and were very commonplace in his eyes. With Roller, however, he could get on pretty well, and Roller esteemed *him* probably because he was not like other people, and certainly, at least, on account of his profound knowledge of natural history—a knowledge to which, spite of his age, he was always eager to add.

"You must become acquainted with the man," said my old friend to me. Forthwith we, therefore, set out on our journey to Bernstorf. When we drove up to the parsonage the parson came rushing towards us in morning-gown and in slippers, and more like a scare-crow than a human being. He uttered a loud cry of joy, embraced me, the stranger, before I had been presented to him, and led us into the only habitable apartment of the desolate house—his study.

The four corners of this hall-like room were so masked by screens that it looked almost round. Behind one of the screens was the library, with the collection of

beetles, and with the other objects of natural history. Behind the second was the bed of the master of the house. The third served as a repository for milk, bread, and other victuals; while the fourth concealed various other household offices. In the middle of the room stood an immense table, covered with books, writings, half-smoked clay pipes, coffee utensils, and the remains of a recently dissected rat's head. With the sleeve of the morning-gown this rubbish was swept aside, to make way for some ham baked in a kind of pasty, and which was brought from the corner of the room where the provisions were kept. We were strongly pressed to taste. But to comply with the request was not easy; for the circumstances under which the food was offered, as well as the appearance of him who presented it, by no means excited a vigorous appetite. Nevertheless, I could not help confessing to myself that in other environments, and at a different time of the day, the ham must have been tolerably welcome.

"Meat truly divine!" cried our host, assuring us at the same time that he was never without a supply of it.

When, thereupon, a pipe of tobacco followed, and the conversation grew lively, our host began to speak of his official position, though I forget what induced him to do so. He burst into bitterest lamentations and fiercest denunciations. On his whole congregation, old and young, his words of wrath fell; but with double

fury his curses were hurled at the schoolmaster, which last brute, as he called him, incited the people to insult and injure him in every possible manner. Not very long before, this abominable heretic had, with unspeakable contrivance and pains, and under the inspiration of the devil, been guilty of a most damnable enchantment. He had furnished the organ with a so-called "morning star"—a veritable image of Lucifer, as large as the sun, which went round with the velocity of a millstone or a peg-top, and which made a tingling and a jingling so confusing to the brain that it was impossible for any one to know whether he was in a church or in a sledge. For a groschen the scoundrel was willing to play a whole tune with his ridiculous whirring thing; and a groschen was never lacking, the godless parishioners paying with great delight for the sake of making a disturbance. He himself, the pastor, had done what he could: he had preached against "morning stars," in season and out of season; he had made the ears of the detestable organist hot with reproaches. But he had spoken in vain, and the affair must come before the Consistory.

Meanwhile, Roller had fixed his glance on the rat's head, which seemed to have a livelier interest for him than the jeremiade of his professional brother. He now said, with a tolerably absent air, that he wished the Lausa organ could be furnished with a "morning star."

At these words the Bernstorf pastor started to his feet, began violently to tug with all his ten fingers at his hair, and cried, "You know not what you are saying, man! you really know not what you are saying!"

In a commanding tone and with quiet dignity Roller answered, "Sit down, brother—sit down on your chair, and listen to me. You must know that in many places there are 'morning stars,' and even in great cities where the worshippers are people of refinement. On thanksgiving-days and jubilee-days the 'morning star' has a solemnising and inspiring effect on the people, and makes them sing with more spirit. Therefore——"

"But on fast-days and days of prayer!" cried the Bernstorfer, interrupting.

"I am not deaf," proceeded Roller; "so you need not make such a din. But if my organist were to jubilate, jingle, and trumpet when I did not want him to do so, I should choke him. You, however, neither show respect nor enjoy it; and for that your schoolmaster is not to blame. You are too riotous, brother—too reckless—make too free a use of your tongue: that is a bad thing. And besides, man, what a strange appearance things in your house have! Are not these screens worthy of a Caffir's domestic arrangements? Ah, woe is me! woe is me! When people also come to see you, I need not say what you look like. Certain it is, at least, that you are not

likely to have a more respectable appearance than you have to-day."

Roller laughed his loudest laugh. Our host grinned like an old wood-demon.

"Has my brother-clergyman learned to flatter from you, young gentleman? Listen to me, Roller. If people are afraid of you, do not ascribe this to your refinement, at least. As to me, I am too old and have too disordered a liver ever to change. Besides, I know not the distinguished people who with you go in and out, and give you consideration. That, however, my servant is a hedgehog," he added, laughing, "I grant, brother. Yes; I am compelled to confess it."

In this fashion the two clergymen chatted together till the conversation took a turn, and our host delivered a very interesting discourse on the nature and habits of rats. Here he was in his element, spoke very well and fluently, and his ugly face took that winning expression which is becoming to, and customary with, clever people when they speak of what they thoroughly understand. Meanwhile, the evening came on, and we prepared to depart. After he had heartily embraced us, and had wrapped up in a Dresden newspaper a large piece of cooked ham as a present for Roller's sisters, we bade adieu to the Bernstorf clergyman.

"This pastor," I said, when we had taken our places

in the sledge, "ought to have had some one to take care of him and his affairs. He has been guilty of a great blunder in not marrying."

"Blunder!" cried Roller. "Would you have taken him if you had been a woman?"

"No; certainly not."

"Very well," replied Roller; "others may have been of the same opinion. For marriage, first of all, a woman is needful. She whom we want to get is placed beyond our reach; and she whom we could get we do not want."

Thereupon the old bachelor, Roller, heaved a deep sigh.

The poor Bernstorfer, however, was before the end of the year suspended from his office. The members of his congregation had decidedly refused to go to confession to him, and assigned many reasons for the refusal; among others, that at the last celebration of the Holy Supper his surplice was offensively unclean. He retired to Dresden, and soon after died.

To my dear Dresden I also myself soon after returned, but not to die there. About five weeks I had been at Lausa, when my brother Gerhard, crabstick in hand, made a pilgrimage from Dresden, and brought me a letter recalling me. My father informed me that Helena's parents had requested her to return, because her father was seriously unwell, and longed for his daughter. He further stated that he himself

intended to accompany her, and that when I received those lines he and she would be over the mountains.

Whether my parents had been instrumental in this development of the affair, or it had come about naturally and of itself, I have never learned, because I never wished to inquire. Helena's father soon after died. She herself gave her hand to an excellent man, with whom she lived happily to the end of her days.

CHAPTER III.

CONTRASTS.

As my mother had very earnest and very decided tendencies and convictions, it may be thought strange that she did not go regularly to church, and did not require us to do so. There were reasons more than one for this conduct. In the first place, my mother from youth had not been accustomed to church observances, or to the need thereof, forasmuch as the resident nobility and gentry of her native region, on account of the great distances, were in the habit of being present at public worship but rarely and exceptionally. Furthermore, a serious hindrance had been her infirm health. And finally, she did not make a very serious sacrifice by absenting herself, for the church at that time had little or nothing to offer. Almost exclusively under sceptical or negative influences, the church was, in the main, attended only by persons to whom Biblical Christianity was a fable, or by such as, in their childlike simplicity, could not distinguish one confession from another. The

members of the church who, strong in their faith, had been driven by disgust or despair from the fold, lived as Separatists, or took part in private assemblages formed by laymen. In these my mother, even if she had been well, would have been unwilling to share, because she had a peculiar horror of pietistic influences, —of fanaticism, as well as of every kind of display of her spiritual life. Her Christianity was, on the whole, not dependent on forms and externalities, and thus probably she did not feel the need of public worship. Once or twice in the year she, subsequently to my confirmation, went with me to Lausa to receive the Holy Supper, when administered by the Pastor Roller. That was substantially all the outward contact my mother had with the church.

With my father it was otherwise. When his heart, by slow degrees, grew warm in its yearnings for revealed religion, the sweetest memories carried him back to the days of his childhood, when as a little boy, and holding the hand of his mother, he went to mass, and in the blessed ordinances of the Church had found much morally to impel, to console, and to elevate. It was therefore very natural that, in the reawakening of his spiritual yearnings, a species of home-sickness should urge him to seek anew and to implore heavenly treasures where in earlier days he had found them. After, therefore, a long absence from public worship, he began again to be present at it, that is to say, at

mass; first tentatively, then more and more diligently, and, in the last years of his life, every morning. Moreover, the aspirations of his soul had been fortunate enough to discover, in the person of a worthy and esteemed Catholic clergyman, Father Mende, a spiritual counsellor to whose guidance he willingly confided himself. In accepting that guidance he had taken the final step toward re-entering the Catholic communion.

In reality, my father had merely become once more a Christian, but in the form most familiar to him—a form which he now cherished with the exalted joy of a man who, after long separation, treads the halls of his paternal mansion anew, and finds them unchanged. He was therefore often heard to boast, that while the whole world had been so changed and modernised that it was impossible to recognise it—even Protestantism, both in substance and in form, being enveloped in the revolution—the Catholic Church alone had remained faithful to itself. My father maintained that to the minutest point not only of dogma, of constitution, of worship, but of the priest's attire, and of all the priest's movements, he had found anew as a man on the Elbe what he had left in his childhood on the Rhine. He therefore declared that he could not doubt that revealed truth, eternal, unchangeable, enthroned far above the changes and caprices of human taste and human thoughts, found in the Catholic Church the only form suited to it.

It must seem a very singular thing that my father, who, when in the bosom of his own Church, had lost his faith, should have been brought back to faith by evangelical influences—by these should have been reconverted to his original Catholicism—that he should bow to Rome's ecclesiastical authority, and yet should continue to derive from the evangelical communion new sustenance to his faith. With the exception of his confessor, all the friends who had influenced his spiritual life were Protestants. The evangelical writings of Schubert, Stilling, Lavater, Zinzendorff, and others, which my mother read in the family circle, edified him almost daily; and a visit which he paid with his friend Zezshwitz to Herrnhut warmed his heart for a long time. It may thus be explained how my father, spite of his Romish sympathies, took no hostile position toward the Evangelical Church, which he combated, indeed, as a doctrinal invention, without joining in Rome's damnatory judgment on its members. He was thoroughly in harmony with the deep spiritual tendency of his wife and his friends, whom, in the humility of his heart, he placed far above himself; but it pained him much that they should lose the many incitements and succours which he found for himself in his own Church. He was accustomed to say that the goal which they had before their eyes was the same as his own, but that they found on the way to it too few and too feeble encouragements to march on. They

were compelled to pilgrim each in his own strength to Zion; while he felt and knew that he was borne along, invigorated, and kept from false paths by the Church.

My father apprehended Catholicism ideally—that is to say, less as it is than as he thought and wished it to be; and his confessor seemed to do the same. They were both inclined to observe only that in their Church, or rather to regard that as Catholic, which pleased and edified them. All the rest they ignored, or bore as patiently as they could, as an unavoidable evil. My mother, on the other hand, after the Protestant fashion, was inclined to see in the Catholic Church nothing but the superstition with which Rome had adulterated evangelical truth. The question respecting the true Church was thus frequently debated in our house; but points of union were not attained as a result of the discussion.

In regard to the errors and sins of Rome, my father insisted on the distinction between abuse and use. He said that the hand of man was not to be blamed if it could not merely confer blessings, but occasionally commit murder. In the same way a beautiful cathedral remains what it is, though tasteless accretions and expansions disfigure it. Likewise, a house is not pulled down because one or two beams rot, or one or two of the inmates get drunk in the house. And, finally, at least so much was evident, that spite of the abuses which had crept in, and of the sins of its

bishops and its priests, the Romish Church had existed two thousand years, and still stood firm and fast, while the Lutheran Church had only had an ephemeral being, and was already a ruin. He granted that possibly there had been an institution which responded to the evangelical ideas and yearnings of my mother and our Protestant friends; but at the present day it could no more be found. The present Lutheran Church contradicted in the directest and most decided manner, through its representatives, spiritual and secular, its own confessions and formulas; and my mother, and others of the devout laity, stood isolated as the scattered fragments of a fallen whole, without any bond of affinity, and without ecclesiastical consciousness.

It could not but be granted that our poor Church, placed under the guidance and guardianship of princes who were indifferentists, and of consistorial counsellors who were Rationalists, must from that very circumstance have deep defects. It was declared, however, in reply, that it made no claim to infallibility, and was, therefore, capable of self-amendment; while the Catholic Church must drag on to the day of judgment any error which it had once embraced or absorbed. The Church of Rome was, indeed, a marvellous edifice; but when this was said, there seemed to be an end of its praise. For, looked at as it really was, it was a kingdom of this world, founded and upheld by worldly

means. The Holy Church Universal, on the contrary, which we, in common with the Catholics, acknowledge in the third article of the Creed, is neither Romish nor Wittenbergish, but comprehends the community of believing Christians of all confessions. As a visible and connected whole this Church is, indeed, not recognisable, but it is recognisable in its individual members bound together by the faith, the hope, the love they all possess. In these members that Church Universal has in all times been crucified and persecuted—an occupation in which the Church of Rome has always taken the most prominent share. To enter and to remain in that holy community which is ruled by the Lord himself is easier for us Protestants than for the Catholics, because the Word of God in the Holy Scriptures has not been withdrawn from us, and because we are less led astray by priestly influences and interests, which have more in view the prosperity of the temple than the spiritual advancement of the souls offering sacrifice there.

Similar to this was the discourse, though better and more copious, which was carried on frequently; and sometimes there was very lively debate. There was not, however, any denial or disavowal of the consciousness and reciprocal recognition of the membership of that kingdom of God into which we must enter not by the flesh, but by the spirit. Whosoever saw the two spouses together in seasons of emotion, and was

witness of the consolation and the strength they derived from one and the same source, could not have believed that they belonged to different churches—churches that are in the habit of damning each other.

FURTHER RESULTS.

The more unintelligible to my mother the religious needs and strivings of my father were—and, indeed, they were the more unintelligible to her, the more earnestly he turned his heart to Christianity—the more intelligible to her, the more valued by her, were his pictures. The taste of my father had been formed during a residence of several years at Rome, and under the influences of a period which, in its passion for classical art, deserved more than the age of the Medici the name of the Renaissance period. People had so identified themselves with, and had become so infatuated for, the ancient world's modes of feeling, thinking, and representing, that, completely ignoring Christianity which lay between, they regarded the myths of the Greeks as all-sufficient substance and suggestion for expressing that which, as a rule, was alone deemed worthy of expression. It was thus that my father had found pleasure principally in the allegorising representations of mythological objects, and in this direction produced many works which, although they added to his fame, were far from pleasing and

satisfying that person for whose applause he most cared —and that was my mother. He was heard to complain that as an artist he could not do anything to his wife's liking.

This same wife, whose approval it was so hard to gain, had as keen an eye and as quick an understanding as the so-called connoisseurs for the artistic charm and value of her husband's pictures; but the subjects were not to her taste. The youth Ganymedes, borne by an eagle to Olympus, seemed to her a sin against Ganymedes, the eagle, and Olympus. Another picture, Diana and Endymion—two naked persons of different sexes, brought together in the loneliness of the night—offended her feeling of delicacy. On the other hand, it excited her pity that poor Psyche, who gazed so thoughtfully at the butterfly on her hand, did not, though surrounded by the most lavish fulness of folds, seem to have the smallest shred to cover her nakedness. Not that my mother was wholly insensible to the symbolical meaning of such myths. She knew as well as others that, for example, in the fable of Endymion nothing more was intended, or depicted, than the coy yearning of a pure virgin's heart toward the innocence of youth and beauty in a man. Likewise she granted that my father had treated this subject with much tenderness and delicacy of taste. But she regarded such impulses and relations as scarcely worthy of pictorial treatment. And, indeed, from her whole

character and tendency, she was unable to see in Grecian art, even when least offensive to delicate feeling, anything but the apotheosis of the natural, and over the natural in its nakedness she thought it best that a veil should be thrown. She repeatedly, therefore, expressed the wish that it might please my father to select other subjects that were more elevated and fruitful than the frigid allegories of a world that had finished. Lofty, inspiring deeds she wanted to see represented; above all, edifying themes from the historical portions of the Holy Scriptures, in which she always more and more persuaded herself that she found the deepest symbolism—the symbolism best suited to the various circumstances of life.

But though my father from time to time yielded to her feelings and requests, and greatly delighted her thereby, yet he regarded historical subjects to be, as a rule, little adapted for the painter's art. It was enough, he said, that deeds were once for all done, and there the matter ended. Moreover, in the sacred records he had for a considerable part of his life seen nothing but a series of events whose historical truth was doubtful to him, and whose deeper significance he could not perceive, because the inner world, to whose life and lineaments Scripture corresponds, had not yet been unveiled to him. Finally, he said it was a point for serious consideration whether regard should not be had to the taste of the purchasers; for the public, he

thought, would grow tired of pious pictures that it did not understand; and nothing, he said, could be more disagreeable to him than for his pictures, when finished, to remain too long in his studio.

Gradually in reference to all these things a great change had come. When my father began to open his heart to Christian convictions, his former dislike to Christian subjects vanished, and the newly-awakened yearning of his soul made him much oftener treat them, spite of the anticipated indifference or dislike of the public. The repertory of the studio gradually became different, because the taste of the artist had itself become different. The newly-recognised truth disclosed to him a world of ideas, which forthwith shaped themselves into pictures that eloquently spoke of repentance, resolute faith, and that divine compassion inspired by the love of Christ alone. Confirmations of this are my father's three pictures—"John the Baptist," "John the Evangelist," "John the Seer," his last "Christ," his "Peter," and his "Prodigal Son," and many other pictures and sketches belonging to this concluding period. It was while busy with his picture, never destined to be finished, of the "Prodigal Son," that he himself entered the Heavenly Father's house. Marvellously enough, so little was the public annoyed by the changed artistic direction of its favourite, that spite of the depression of the times and the general exhaustion after the long war, seldom

was one of my father's productions dry before being purchased.

THE LAST SUMMER.

Soon after my father's return from taking home Helena, my mother went, with the female part of the family, into the country; while my father, with the male part of the family—that is to say, my brother and me—remained in the city. Here a life in common shaped itself such as only in very exceptional circumstances can exist between father and sons. A friend and a brother was *our* father to us. He gave himself as wholly up to us as if he had known that this was the last summer he was to spend with us, and I scarcely remember enjoying consciously a more exquisite happiness than that which was my lot in this comradeship with my father. In that consciousness my heart soon found anew its regular pulsations, and my days glided on in untroubled peace.

Our mode of life obeyed the strictest order. Very early—about five o'clock—we rose and breakfasted together. Thereupon my brother vanished into his counting-house, as he called a little closet which he had formed for himself with screens, that there, in half-solitude, and undisturbed by any one, he might devote himself to his school-tasks and sundry other occupations. I also, as a rule, applied myself to study, by trying to repeat and to retain what I had learnt at

school. But often my heart impelled me to accompany my father to mass; for it was painful to me to see *him* so isolated religiously, who was accustomed to share everything with us; and he always seemed to be glad when I went with him. These still morning services; the church dim and grey in the dawn; the distant high-altar, with its lights, and with the priest murmuring before it mysterious words, and here and there worshippers kneeling and breathing their fervent prayers;—all this put me into a deeply devotional mood. Overcome by the contagious emotion, I fell down on my knees beside my father; and then I felt bound to him by a more intense and intimate alliance and affinity.

It is true that Roller declared mass to be a blasphemous idolatry; and *that* it may sometimes be, from the fanciful idea formed of it, which opens a wide and wild way to all abuses. But one and the same error can be innocent and pernicious according to the way it is regarded and applied. What my father wanted, and what he obtained, was a daily divine service which involved no waste of time, and which was neither spoiled to him by sermons which provoked resentment and resistance, nor by tasteless hymns. The priest saying mass at the altar he regarded as an organ through which God, in the holy rite, spoke to the congregation; while, on the other hand, *it* entered into a sacramental relation with God. By the priest's

mouth the congregation, yearning for and needing succour, raised its supplicating cry to God; and by the same mouth the congregation spiritually received the atoning sacrifice of Christ, and, through that, guiltlessness, salvation, and blessing. My father, in harmony with his idea, received the sacrament every morning when he went to mass; and in this belief I was as little able to see idolatry or sin as if it had been my own. At all events, I knelt on a holy spot beside my father, and raised my spirit with him to the throne of God, my Saviour; and this could not in itself be a bad thing.

Immediately after this divine service we went together into a temple of another kind, into a temple where the Lord of Heaven was not, indeed, immediately adored, but where the beauty of his works was revealed to the mind and the heart—namely, the Royal Gallery of Pictures. Here my father had some paintings to copy; and as the time when the labours of artists were publicly carried on in the halls of the gallery, and which begun at eight o'clock, did not suit or suffice, he had succeeded in procuring a private key by means of which he could, in season and out of season, enter by a side-door; a circumstance which, on account of the preference and the secrecy, made these visits doubly interesting to me.

While my father sat in a window-niche of the inner gallery busy with his work, I roamed freely through

the vast rooms, gazing at thousands of masterpieces, from which I derived the richest delight. Music and poetry may, under certain circumstances, be best enjoyed socially and in common; pictures reveal their fullest meaning to the solitary gazer. If I visited the gallery at the public hours, my attention was distracted by the presence of so many other spectators, and by their babblement about what they felt or did not feel. Likewise, when in the company of artists, I took such a lively interest in what was purely technical in the drawing, in the clare-obscure, and the colour, that I could not give myself to æsthetical impressions. In this solitary morning stillness, however, the works of art had the same effect upon me as the phenomena of nature, which stir us powerfully without tempting us to ask why we are thus moved. Furthermore, those dead masters, each in his own peculiar fashion, and so that I could readily understand, discoursed to me frankly and familiarly of the best they knew. Not only Raphael, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, and the German Holbein, but Rembrandt, Dow, Ostade, and even Hondekoeter, with his angry, agitated hens, enlarged my heart in a marvellous manner. I have never at a later period, never even in Italy, where I saw the choicest pictures, received such deep impressions from works of art as during those hours when my father and I were the only living beings in the truly immense halls of the gallery of that time.

When with deep and solemn voice the clock of the Kreuz Kirche struck seven, my father opened a door, and I entered on my regular labours for the day in the Gypssaal. At the same moment my brother went to school; and while we both, no doubt, profited and made progress in the way of solid knowledge and useful development, we heard and we experienced in the company of so many other youths much that was amusing, so that at table we never found any lack of materials for the diversion of our father. He, on his side, delighted us prodigiously by entering sympathetically into the subject of our prattle. And I remember that all our little adventures acquired their principal charm from the prospect of the pleasure which the history of them was sure to give to our father; and when he laughed, and sometimes so heartily that he had to wipe the tears from his eyes, especially at my brother's quaint dry humour, we had incomparable satisfaction.

There was something also very peculiar in the way in which my brother made his contributions to the conversation. The topic of discourse happened once to be insipid wit, by which dull, senseless men, when they want to be brilliant and funny, become so tiresome. My brother, in his slow mode of speaking, thought proper to acquaint us with the fact that they had just such a fellow in the school.

"What does he say?" asked my father.

The boy proceeded with the dissection of his potato-dumpling, and replied that what this fellow said no one paid attention to, or it was soon forgotten. That day, for instance, he had, in very silly, tasteless fashion, called another scholar, whose name was Polinke, a "dactyl." This was intended as a display of wit.

"But why a dactyl?" I said.

"Well," answered my brother, "because therefrom can be made a pentameter in the following fashion:—

'Polinke, Polinke, Po; Linkepo, Linkepo, Link.'"

My father laughed, and observed that if this joker never made worse jokes than this, he might be tolerated.

"And verily," I added, "this miserable jester is present with us this moment at table. No one except you, brother, makes such pentameters."

Then the boy flushed, and cried half querulously that we must wait and see whether our father laughs before naming ourselves.

When we had eaten enough at dinner, and chatted enough, we resumed work again till the evening. Then we usually took a walk together, sometimes accompanied by my father's pupils. These walks were by no means elegant promenades. We did not go for the purpose of showing ourselves, and had no reason to do so. Indeed, if the people on the street had not from the time of the war been accustomed to all kinds of

queer people in queer attire—Mamelukes, Baschkirs, and Tartars—we could not have escaped being mobbed.

My father, whose passion for arms was well known, had received as a present from the collection of arms of a certain Herr von Miltiz-Sicheneichen, a Swiss bow of the Middle Ages of enormous strength and size. To shoot with this bow gave him infinite pleasure. When we went forth, therefore, in the evening, he carried this bow in his hand, and by his side a leathern quiver, with twelve long, lank, feathered arrows. We, the sons, were likewise equipped with bows of the same kind, which an ingenious joiner had made in imitation of the original bow. In addition, we held in our hands javelins, with iron heads or tips, such as the athletes in the gymnastical arenas use. Moreover, we wore Turkish trunk-hose tightly laced down to the ankle. My father had introduced these hose to protect the leg from goat-chafers and other vermin.

With great freedom of step and of spirit we stalked in this attire through the streets of the capital. The goal of our journey was the so-called Heath, an extensive fir forest, which had been so far saved from the desecration by which, in various forms, aid and improvement are offered to Nature—such as smooth paths, ingeniously laid-out beds of flowers, or groups of shrubs, coffee-houses, and skittle-grounds. It was a wild forest, in whose depths a romantic valley ran curving for miles. Through this valley flowed the Priesnitz, a

clear mountain stream; alders and copsewood grew close to its gurgling waves, while the heights and the declivities were clothed with ancient fir-trees.

In this stream we were accustomed to bathe. The water was shallow; but, like mud-fish, we buried ourselves up to the neck in the soft sandy bottom. When we sprang up, water and sand flowed down together, and we were scoured as white as a coffee stewing-pan. Greatly refreshed by our bath, we seized our weapons, and found abounding pleasure in throwing our javelins and shooting our arrows at the mark. We exercised ourselves besides in climbing, running, and leaping. Our father, like a youth, shared our sports, which were continued till darkness warned us to depart. As a conclusion to the whole affair, we had a frugal supper, and then we went to bed. Before lying down we knelt, each by his bedside, and our father uttered an evening prayer. Just as the body had been bathed in the waters of the Priesnitz, the soul was plunged into the depths of divine mercy, and slumbered purely and peacefully away into the realm of dreams.

In connection with these small evening devotions I remember a somewhat singular thing. When my father prayed with us, he did not for a considerable time utter anything to perplex or surprise our evangelical convictions. Specially Catholic nothing had been spoken till after we had read in the Loschwitz family circle a book which kindled in us sympathies

more or less Catholic. This was the biography of St. Vincent de Paul—that man whose measure of the divine grace was so great, and whom the warm-hearted delineation of the Count Leopold von Stolberg had placed in a light so lovable, that our hearts burned with admiration of the holy man, who became one of the most frequent subjects of our conversation.

When one Sunday evening we were returning from Loschwitz to Dresden with our father, and were speaking of our hero, I said I envied the contemporaries of St. Vincent de Paul, who could pilgrim to him and beg for his blessing. Thereupon my father praised the Catholic Church, which remained in continual community with its departed members—with those of them, at least, whose holiness had been great and unquestionable. Furthermore, he maintained that even we, the Protestants, did not believe in the death of the children of God, but thought, on the contrary, that they were now for the first time really alive. Yet if they lived, why should we not entreat their blessing and their intercession, seeing that in the Omnipresent God they were really always nigh unto us? We solicited the like services from pious friends, human beings who had not yet thrown off the dross of the earthly life, nor seen the Lord of Heaven face to face. My father concluded by expressing his persuasion that it could not fail to be for our edification if thenceforth he from time to time supplicated in his evening prayer

the good offices of St. Vincent de Paul, who was no longer a stranger to us. If we had any objections, he requested us to state them.

This proposal had a strange sound to me, yet I was unable to find any proper objections. It was evident that if it was not idolatry to sue to living men for their spiritual succour, it could not be idolatry to ask the intervention of the dead. It occurred to me that we were not justified in assuming the omnipresence of the dead. But I reflected that even if St. Vincent de Paul did not hear our prayers, a far greater than he heard them, who, after all, must know that his saints were only addressed for his sake, and that no other than He filled the worshipper's soul.

What was my brother's opinion on the subject I know not. In any case, he offered no remonstrance or opposition. I cannot deny that we, renegade Protestants as we were, invoked for a time, with our dear father, a Catholic saint. To me this mode of adoration did not give much joy, and probably my brother's feelings about it were the same as mine. For it was impossible to banish from the mind the doubt whether the saint's ears were always and sufficiently open. And as I have compared our evening worship to the bath in the Priesnitz, St. Vincent de Paul might be regarded as the sand which ran off.

This was our fashion of life on working days. But no poet can describe with what a deliciously festive

feeling my brother on Saturday came from school, and I from the Gypssaal, and how the streets smiled to us, and the bridge and the Golden King, and how good and noble all people looked; yet the whole affair was nothing more than that the next day was Sunday.

The Saturday afternoon being entirely at our own disposal, we did some work voluntarily, and in the gladdest, most genial temper; but the evening was the true season of delight. Then, with a heart untroubled by care, we started on our march to Loschwitz, along the Elbe, past pleasant country houses, past green vineyards, past the small water-fall which, bursting from the dark ravine, sparkled in the evening sun. Happy walks were those, rich in talk and expectation; and when we drew near to the Begerhaus how overwhelming was the rapture! How my sister and the other girls flew towards us with bright faces, bright garments, and bright voices! How my mother threw her arms round the neck of the beloved father, and fervently clung to him! Till the night our parents sat or talked on the flowery terrace, while we, the boys, found our paradise under the old walnut-tree in the company of our sister, of Marie and Marianne, and of a third "house-child," whose name I here for the first time mention.

She was an extremely recent addition to our family circle, a young maiden who had entered it as Helena's successor, and her name was Gustchen Götzell. By

way of precaution, however, my parents had first to make sure of *me*. My father said to me that my mother needed help, and that Augusta, who had been warmly recommended, was expected to fulfil in this respect all requirements. Unfortunately she was, like Helena, not bad-looking. From the way in which I had already behaved, there was a natural dread to take Augusta into the family.

The thought of being a hindrance to the comfort of my mother was to me intolerable. I implored, therefore, to be trusted, and made an energetic promise never to fall in love again. Marvellously enough, my protestations tranquillised my parents, and the new member was added to our household.

Augusta was about the same age as Helena, and, like her, a Catholic. This latter circumstance could have no disturbing effect, for, accustomed as we had always been to differences in theological opinion, we were not inclined to find fault with Catholicism. Like our father, she held in common with us those religious doctrines which appeared to us essential, and took part, like him, in our family worship. As to the rest, the nature of the maiden was thoroughly sound and sweet, and she was certainly so pretty and blooming, that it would have been difficult for a young man who had not had such painful experiences as I to keep his heart from being her slave. However, the admirable conduct of the young maiden herself came in aid of my resolutions,

and, without troubling each other's peace of mind, we spent some years as very good friends together. My parents had made an excellent choice. In every possible respect Augusta proved her fitness and worth. She clung to us even in the most trying times, and did not leave us until our old plan of going back to reside in Russia was finally realised. She went from us into a family with which we were on friendly terms, to the existing branches of which she is still whenever succour is needed a true "Sister of Charity," though in the course of years her circumstances had become independent.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT-WANDERERS.

By an excursion into the Thuringian land the regular course of my bachelor's life with my father was interrupted. What induced me to take the journey I have forgotten, and no less have I forgotten its commencement; but so much the more vividly I recall the various notable occurrences of its progress.

My first recollection finds me in the mail-coach between Leipsic and Altenburg. The carriage, with its six seats, had only a small number of passengers. Besides me there were two Jews and a young maiden. The first two were talkative, and apparently prosperous commercial men. Spite of their rings, their watch-chains, and their enormous shirt-collars, Falstaff would scarcely have failed to compare them to a twin pair of baboons. The young maiden also had by no means the look of an angel. Rather sullen and somewhat pock-marked, she sat opposite to me in a corner, held her bundle on her lap, and took no part in the con-

versation. Though she was very neatly dressed, I took her for a servant, and paid little attention to her.

So much the more, however, did she attract the notice of the Oriental sitting near her, who seemed not at all discouraged by the repelling coldness with which she met his advances. He scarcely turned his eyes away from her a moment, and strove incessantly to get her to talk; without, however, succeeding in forcing from her lips anything more than a rather peevish "Yes" or crabbed "No." The Jew grew more and more impertinent and importunate, and at last, when twilight was coming on, he moved so close to her that his own seat was left completely unoccupied.

The mail-coaches of that time rested on the axletree, the roads were far from being good, and therefore there were sometimes shocks which flung the passengers from their seats and dashed them against each other. The Jew availed himself of the confusion caused by one of these shocks to throw his arm round the terrified maiden, and assuring her that thus supported she would feel the shocks less, he tried to press her to his breast. While she was struggling to tear herself from him I interfered, and offered to change places with her. The offer was at once accepted; she took my corner, and I placed myself beside the Jew.

The latter in a fury asked if that was my place. I replied that it was, and that I was resolved to travel

only in decent company. The lout grumbled something between his teeth, and there was then a pause in the conversation. The two Jews, however, who sat facing each other, began to talk in a half-whisper of commercial matters, while the lady, whose champion I had become, wrapped herself up and seemed to go to sleep. I, however, held converse with my own thoughts. These thoughts were of the most agreeable kind, and all crowded round the question whether I should to-morrow at noon enter Hummelshayn, and press my beloved kinsfolk to my heart. A joyous disquiet took possession of me, so that I should have been delighted to leap out of the coach and to run beside it.

Complete darkness had already descended when we reached Altenburg at nine o'clock in the evening. To my horror, I learned that the mail rested here twelve hours. What an intolerable thought! The conductor, however, with a great show of obliging me, offered to show me the way to what he called a very comfortable and at the same time very cheap inn, kept by his brother-in-law, whom he warmly recommended. He said it was impossible to have cosier or better quarters anywhere. But my impatience to get to Hummelshayn was stronger than these enticements, and I asked about the Ronneburg road, that I might start on foot at once. The kind and courteous brother-in-law of the landlord already spoken of, naturally tried to dissuade me. He said

that the way was long, that it was easy to miss it, or go astray from it at night, and that it was very insecure, as a robber had recently escaped from the Leuchtenburg. I persisted, however, in my resolution, thanked him for his sympathetic interest, and gave him something to drink, whereupon he departed.

The Jews had meanwhile vanished; but the young maiden stood still with her bundle in apparent expectancy. Now when we were alone she came up to me, and asked whether I was willing to let her accompany me.

"Whither?" I inquired.

"Oh, only as far as Ronneburg, where my home is."

These words threw me into the profoundest amazement, and I began to speak about the long way, about the likelihood of going astray and of being attacked by robbers; but the maiden maintained her serenity and her purpose. She declared that there was not a syllable of truth in the story of the escaped robber, and just as little was there any difficulty in finding the way. With the road, she said, she was perfectly acquainted, and would be my guide. If she had known that this mail would remain at Altenburg she would have made different arrangements; but she had a dislike to pass the night at an inn, even if such a plan were not in other respects unsuitable.

While my fellow-traveller was thus speaking she seemed to undergo a complete transfiguration. Her

features, not in themselves beautiful, became animated with a certain piquant expression, and her voice fell with such sweetness of tone on my ear that I must under any circumstances have felt an interest in her. The confidence she placed in me completely vanquished me, and I joyfully granted what I could not have refused, even if she had been displeasing in my eyes. We agreed to start without delay; but in order not to attract the notice of the persons connected with the mail, my travelling companion set out by herself, as if she were going to the inn.

"Who is that maiden?" said the conductor to me when I was paying for my beer. I knew not, and I had not asked the question myself. Without going further, it was sufficient for me that she was a nice girl and pleased me. I was delighted by the prospect of taking the journey with her; and as on leaving the house I did not immediately see her, I was afraid that she had repented of her purpose, and had gone away.

But no! There she stood, close to a baker's shop, where she had bought a small loaf, and she saluted me with undisguised pleasure. She intended to show me, she said, how she could walk, and she at once darted off at a pace which I immediately sought to moderate.

"Slowly out of the stable," cried I, quoting the proverb, "is the first rule to be applied when any considerable journey is begun; and the best means of

furthering the journey is to follow the advice—hasten with leisure."

As my companion had a thorough acquaintance with what in the circumstances was needful, we got out by the right gate without asking any questions. Thereupon she pulled her loaf out of her pocket, and pressed half of it upon me. Probably it was now imperative upon us to be introduced to each other; but the introduction was omitted, in form at least. It was only in a very gradual and a very fragmentary fashion that the reciprocal incognito disappeared. In this gradual and fragmentary way I learned that the father of my friend was a widower, and if I am not mistaken, pastor, or something equally respectable, at Ronneburg, and that she, for some cause, had taken a journey to Leipsic, where she had kinsfolk. But she had not been able to remain more than a few days, for she was needed at home—her father could not get on without her. From the way in which these communications were made, the maiden pleased me more and more. Her mode of expression was refined and animated; her interest in everything mentioned most lively; her demeanour truly maiden-like. However cordial and confiding, she never broke through the reserve which circumstances demanded. She persistently refused my arm, and she even objected to burthen me with her bundle, which I should have been so glad to carry. With complete freedom and independence she marched

beside me, and changed the subjects of conversation with a brisk and bounteous facility.

It was a shimmering summer night, and we amused ourselves with naming the stars which sparkled above us. The clergyman's daughter had far greater astronomical knowledge than I, who, when in Roller's house, had studied the sky only in the winter-time, and therefore could give proofs of no enlarged information. She showed me the Lyra, the Cygnus, the Corona Borealis, the Andromeda, the Perseus, and other famous constellations; she then examined me till she had convinced herself that I had thoroughly learnt what she had taught me.

I believe that no one, who is not a scientific astronomer, can gaze on the stars without thinking of eternity. That we both, in some far-off time, should find our blessed heritage, we did not for a moment doubt—at least, we agreed that after our death we should dwell in that happy world of light. These thoughts brought back to my companion her dead mother, and she wept. Then she suddenly asked me what star I should take as my abode if I had the choice.

I replied that she had seen how little I knew about the stars, but that perhaps I had a slight preference for the Cassiopeia, as it had the appearance of a W, and I was called Wilhelm.

She laughed, and said that for the same reason I

might choose the "Wassermann," and the "Widder,"* because they began with a W. She promised, however, to think of me whenever in future she looked at the Cassiopeia.

Not to be inferior in courtesy, I besought her to indicate some star or constellation by which I could recall her. She declared, however, that she knew of none, and that it was all one what star was assigned to her as an abode, if brightness and pleasantness were there.

Thus we chatted, and we had time to chat, for it is a long way from Altenburg to Ronneburg. We marched the whole night, and in such delightful company the time passed away like a dream of the morning. The anxieties and alarms of the conductor had turned out to be the merest phantoms; for we had not gone astray, and we had not been assailed by the escaped robber, laughed at by my friend as a pure legend, which every day in this region assumed a new shape. About sunrise we arrived at Ronneburg.

When I requested directions for my further journey, my companion, in the most fervent and fascinating manner, urged me to rest that day in her father's house. She maintained that it was impossible for me, after so long a walk, to continue my march to Hummelshayn, and that if I were to attempt it, I must lie

* *Wassermann*, "Aquarius," or the "Waterman;" *Widder*, "Aries," or the "Ram."—*Tr.*

down exhausted in the forest like an over-hunted stag. Yes, she assured me that that must be the inevitable result. Likewise, she wanted me to be introduced to her father, and to receive the thanks he was certain to give me for being her protecting companion on the road.

The proposal was doubtless excellent; but probably I was of opinion that it was not right to drag out of his bed at this hour a father to whom I was an utter stranger, merely for the purpose of receiving his thanks. Besides, I was tormented by the most violent impatience to arrive at Hummelshayn. I declined the invitation, asserting that I must not rest, or even halt, while my companion protested that she could not let me go, and that I must at least drink a cup of coffee in her father's house. In the midst of our contention, my companion stopped before the door of a habitation, and rang the bell. That was the decisive moment: I grasped her hand, begged her to keep me kindly in remembrance, and—was gone.

"The road goes to the left," she shouted after me, "and you can put up at the 'Lion.'"

When in a left direction I was about to turn round the corner I sent back a parting salutation.

There lay the "Lion" in the gleam of the morning light, and showed some signs of life. A maid was opening the windows of the coffee-room, and in the entrance to the court a horse stood ready harnessed. I

passed by, however, without entering; for I thought that if I entered the inn the clergyman's daughter was sure to send some one to find me.

THE HERO GROWS TIRED.

Ronneburg soon lay behind me, and absolute liberty was mine. But when I wished to have the full sense and enjoyment of it I totally failed. Why had I been obstinate enough not so far to gratify the kind maiden as to salute her father, in whose eyes the small adventures of his daughter would thus have found their most appropriate and satisfactory explanation? At some place I must rest; it was impossible for me to run right on to Hummelshayn like a mad dog, or like Œdipus when scourged by the Furies. I could, as had been suggested to me, have put up at the "Lion," could have waited for a suitable time to call on the clergyman, and could have made my visit as short as I liked. This thought, and the further reflection that I must have appeared very boorish and had behaved in an absurd and reprehensible fashion, occurred to me just when it was too late to make any use of my wisdom. I therefore tried to drive these fancies from my brain, and began to sing a joyous marching air to the text, "To Hummelshayn, to Hummelshayn!"

Assuredly it could not much contribute to my enlivenment and delectation that a fellow overtook me, who,

without ceremony or permission, placed himself by my side, declaring that one could march twice as well when in company. I was decidedly of an opposite opinion, inasmuch as this companion was neither a nice girl, like the daughter of the Ronneburg clergyman, nor an endurable mortal at all. He belonged, on the contrary, to that disagreeable class of inquisitorial torturers whose conversation, in the main, is identical with the questions asked by the police—whence a man comes, whither he goes, what is his name, what he is, and sundry secrets of a similar stamp. To get rid of him I tried the most obvious stratagems and hints. But he was insensible to everything, and was certainly an animal to whom the Lübeck flower of speech would alone have been intelligible.

In reference to this Lübeck flower of speech, my excellent father was in the habit of telling the following story. At Lübeck a stranger had unfortunately gone into a tavern which was usually frequented only by sailors and other seafaring persons. Inoffensively saluting he had entered; but scarcely had he asked for his glass of juniper when all the accustomed guests of the tavern put their heads together and agreed in a moment to thrash the intruder so soundly as to prevent him from ever coming into the place again.

But an old ship-carpenter said to them, "Do not be so rude, my children. I will make the man understand what is wanted by some flowers of speech."

Thereupon he rose, spat into his hands, and roared into the stranger's ears, "What do you want here—you —land-rat? Do you want to play the spy?—eh? Go to the devil this moment, you cursed brute, or I will break every bone in your body."

These words swept the stranger away like a whirlwind. But the old man cried, "Now you see, children, that with a little courtesy we can in these days accomplish what we want. Let this serve you as a lesson."

This flowery language my companion would perhaps have understood, but I could not produce the true argument which gave it all its force, namely, the ship-carpenter's fist. I could not devise any means of shaking the bore off, and therefore had to habituate myself to the thought of being chained to him the whole day; for as he intended to go as far as Kahla, and therefore to Hummelshayn, he and I had the same road. Thus we trotted on together for a considerable distance, till at last accident suggested to me a plan of escape.

The only consolation and compensation this wearisome worthy furnished me for forcing himself as a burthen upon me was his assurance that he knew the road. But when we came to a place where the road branched fork-wise into two different directions it became at once apparent that the guide and the guided were equally ignorant. We halted, and reflected that there was no solid reason for preferring one of the two

branches to the other. Presently it appeared that my guide had picked up a little learning at school. He unbuckled his knapsack, and after he had from a chaos of contents fished out a pocket-handkerchief, he stretched himself on the heather and spread out his pocket-handkerchief before him. I saw that a map of Germany was printed on the handkerchief, which our geographer placed in the accidental direction of our road, which was from the north to the south. I ventured to remark that his map should lie so as to correspond with the country, otherwise it would simply point the way back to Ronneburg.

"Do you want to give me a lesson in geography?" he replied, gave the handkerchief a vigorous poke with his thumb, and swore: "If Kahla does not lie here, may the devil take me! Consequently we must march to the left. Do you understand me?"

He might just as well have said that consequently we must march to the right; for in that case, and at every peril, I should have gone to the left. I told him that I differed from him, wished him a happy journey, and before he had time to fold his learned handkerchief I had darted to the right.

"Well now!—well," he shouted after me, "you will have cause to remember me, my friend!"

And herein he was not mistaken. Was he from the beginning, perchance, in no doubt about the road; and with his map did he merely wish to make a display of

his erudition? One thing is certain: I took the wrong road.

At the outset I rejoiced with a great joy. *Beatus qui solus*—"Blessed is he who is alone"—say the pastors when they have no colleagues, and this blessedness was now abundantly mine. Singing and whistling, I stalked on valiantly in the hope of coming upon a village, a house, or a man, to find out my whereabouts. To scamper about for an hour or so did not alarm me. But when hour passed on after hour, and when the sun shone with furious heat on my head, and my wallet, and hunger, and thirst assailed me, and my feet grew heavy, and I saw nothing around me except a desert, the spirit of jubilation departed, and I grew exceedingly anxious. I made, however, the important discovery which in subsequent journeys on foot I found to be of the greatest value; namely, that by marching at three-four time as I did there was, among other advantages, the feeling of more rapid movement.

At last some time after noon I reached a small woodland village. The inn was very prettily situated, and the sign which hung out in front informed the traveller that beer was sold there. I entered, threw my wallet on the table, sat down, and asked for something to drink. The beer produced could scarcely prove its title to the name of beer, and was more probably malt-juice merely. This liquor had been brewed in the house, and was so far from being true beer that both

the hops and the fermentation were lacking. However, as it was an undeniable fluid, I contrived to get it down. In addition, brown bread* and goat's-milk cheese were placed on the table. This was all which this house of entertainment could offer. For one, however, who had been fasting for twenty-four hours it was a tolerably good meal. And as, moreover, I learned from my host that I had followed the right road—these people always find that you have followed the right road if you enter their ale-house—I was very well satisfied, and stretched out my legs before me with much self-complacency. I said to myself that my learned friend of the morning must, spite of his geographical handkerchief, have been in grievous error; but that was his affair.

I fell, however, into a less brilliant and buoyant humour when I learned, in answer to further questions, that there were still six good leagues† to Hummelshayn; and though the host was not willing to grant that I had gone astray, seeing that I could start from this village for Hummelshayn just as well as from Ronneburg, yet he confessed that I had not taken the nearest way. When I heard this, I brought my brief rest to an end. I gathered up my strength, and, spite of my hot feet, again marched on at three-four time

* *Schwarzbrot*, literally "black bread." It is made from rye.—*Tr.*

† *Stunden*, literally "hours." A traveller is supposed to walk the half of a German mile in a *Stunde*, or hour; that is to say, two and a half English miles.—*Tr.*

over hill and valley, through forest and field; and everywhere the path proved to be what the host had described it, lonely, long, and toilsome. But that it led to Hummelshayn, as it should have done, was by no means so evident.

The sun was already beginning to dart its farewell rays, and I was so tired that I could scarcely drag myself along. I began to think that it was time to arrive, and to be clasped in the cherishing and sheltering arms of my dear kinsfolk. But though the necessity was so urgent, and though I still kept pressing on, yet the well-known Hummelshayn region obstinately refused to reveal itself. Neither did anything else present itself whereby I could ascertain where I was, or set myself right if I was wrong. Then a light rose upon my soul in regard to my sins, and I was assailed by a confused feeling of remorse in regard to them all. I repented that, in Altenburg, I had left the mail, in Ronneburg the maiden, in the wild tract the man with the geographical handkerchief. Indeed, I was half inclined to regret that I had ever undertaken the journey at all.

Look! is that figure coming towards me a human being, though of the diminutive type? If so, then this is the first two-legged creature that has met me to-day since I parted from the geographer. Nearer and nearer the thing, whatever it is, comes! It is as like a neat's-leather mummy as one egg is to another;

yet, in my eyes, an angel of God bringing me salvation.

"God bless you, father! How far is it to Hummelshayn?"

The little man halted, and cried, "To Hummelshayn! From what quarter have you come?"

"Oh! that does not matter, old gentleman. But I want to go to Hummelshayn: be therefore kind enough to tell me what is the exact distance."

He looked at me with a grin, and said, "With two good sturdy legs, it is possible to get over the ground in about six hours."

I was thunder-struck. Six hours! I was just as far advanced as I had been six hours before; and, in addition, my time was all wasted, my strength all gone.

I further asked the manikin whether there was not some other place in the neighbourhood. But the churl turned his back to me and went his way, muttering that I must know this best myself. There was no further information to be obtained from him, that was plain. Nothing now remained for me but to make the best use of my legs, and to stimulate them to further efforts. I concluded that if I did not fall down exhausted, I must be brought by the road to some place of shelter and of rest, and if it was not Hummelshayn, a heap of straw somewhere must serve as temporary home. So modest in my desires had I become

that I yearned for nothing but repose—all else was to me indifferent.

But look! Not a thousand paces had I gone when the trees cleared away, and close to me rose a castle, surrounded by a group of houses. Hummelshayn it was not—perhaps it was Lichtenau; in any case, it was an exceedingly desirable refuge for the night. I gave wings to my steps, as well as I could, by marching at six-four time, and soon entered the chief room of a pleasant inn, and heard, to my surprise, that Hummelshayn was not far off,—perhaps not more than a quarter of a (German) mile.

I BECOME CLAIRVOYANT.

Uncertainty and doubt fatigue more than real hardships. As I now knew where I was, and a near goal stood before my eyes, I wanted to set out at once. The host advised me to take a guide with me, at least to a certain point, beyond which it was not possible to go astray; and he promised to find one. Meanwhile, I refreshed myself with bread and butter and beer. Thereupon my guide and I set forth together. He was a tall, slovenly creature, whose breeches hung very loosely, and whose face gave unmistakable signs of intemperance. His first request was for a dram, as a preparation for the journey. This request I granted, and, at the same time, I poured a glass of spirits into

each of my boots—an excellent plan for reviving exhausted strength, at least for a brief space.

The rest at the inn, the *aqua vitæ* in the boots, and the expectation of soon and certainly arriving at the abode of my uncle and aunt, made me feel as if I had been born again. Vigorously I marched on in the forest, though darkness was gathering round, and I found amusement in the tales told by my guide, who had been greatly inspired by the last glass of schnaps, especially as it had manifestly had many predecessors. He recalled with special delight the war times and his journeys with the Russians, whose character he warmly praised. Thoroughly good fellows they were, that he must in all honesty confess; and they were up to a trick or two, this he must equally grant. The way, however, through the woods they did not know. Consequently they placed him on a horse, armed him with a large sabre, and allowed themselves to be guided by him. When thus employed he had the grand look of a general, and had earned many a coin, for they did not grudge their money.

I stated that I was something of a Russian myself, whereupon the blackguard suddenly threw his arms round my neck.

"Compatriot," cried he, "I am willing to run with thee as far as Hummelshayn itself, even if, too late to be at the cutting of the second grass, I risk being ruined by my willingness to serve thee."

I replied that if he were to address me in a less familiar fashion it would not be amiss.

"Then you do not wish to recognise me?"

"Certainly not as intimate companion," I said; "nevertheless we can still be good fellow-countrymen and friends."

"Ah, indeed!" answered the guide with a sigh; "I can be as polite as any one, I assure you. Do you see, worthy compatriot, I have been unfortunate, as the saying is. In the forest I gathered a small quantity of wood, and it is possible that some green wood slipped in by accident. For this *misfortune* I have been condemned to receive next Friday a sound cudgelling. By your intercession I might escape punishment, Herr Baron."

By way of explanation he added that as the Herr Oberforstmeister was my friend, I could perhaps do a good work for the hapless father of a family. I promised to plead his cause.

Chatting in this fashion, and dashing through thick and thin, we came by a narrow footpath to a glade which extended straight on to a great distance through the forest. Here the "compatriot" halted, and declared that this was the point to conduct me to which he had hired himself. I had simply to march right on in the glade, and if I did so, I was certain to reach the baiting-garden in a short half-hour.

I replied that he had promised to be my guide as far

as Hummelshayn. He fervently swore that there was nothing he was not willing to do for his Herr Landsmann, but that he had no time now. I offered to double the compensation. In vain—he was not to be moved. He declared that no devil, even the most stupid, could go astray in a glade that ran on like a groove. But he protested that he must now return, otherwise he could not be in time next morning for the cutting of the second grass.

Probably this self-styled Russian had in his brandy inspiration himself gone astray, and therefore preferred the recompense agreed upon to nothing. I had, therefore, to pay him, and to let him depart, unless he thought fit to sleep off his schnaps under the nearest bush. Nevertheless, I made the promised intercession for him, though without success, for he was an incorrigible gallows-bird and a notorious stealer of wood, who, in the opinion of all rational people, could only be made worse by forbearance and clemency.

I was thus once more alone in the wild forest. But the beautiful saying, "*Beatus qui solus*," which had been so full of meaning to me this morning, no longer gleamed with the same significance. Doubting whether my equivocal guide had given me proper information, I had continued my march in the direction indicated. But one half-hour passed on after another, and the baiting-garden, so much desired, refused to manifest itself. Moreover, the brandy in the boots had evapo-

rated, my feet were chafed and very painful, and the wallet on my back seemed to have the weight of a mountain. It is true that the kind stars sent their bright, sweet light to me this evening, as they had sent it the evening before; but I regarded them not. It was a matter of absolute indifference to me what their names were, and whether the Ronneburg maiden had her favourite star or not. I had one only thought, one only yearning—namely, that the baiting-garden might appear before I sank exhausted to the ground, as the maiden had prophesied.

My wish was not fulfilled. The glade along which I had dragged myself came to an end, but the forest did not come to an end. I had got into a labyrinth, and there was no trace of an outlet. Trying to find one, and forcing my weary limbs to move, I explored the thicket, but in vain; everywhere there were the same trees, the same heather, the same darkness.

What was now to be done? If I had been still fresh and strong, I could perhaps have found my way back to the village I had last left; but having been almost unceasingly on my feet for four-and-twenty hours, without sleep and without regular food, I was like an extinguished light. It was impossible for me to keep longer on my legs. I resolved, therefore, to pass, or rather I deemed myself compelled to submit to the necessity of passing, the night where I was. My pur-

pose was to go back in the morning, not merely to the last inn I had been at, but beyond it. I was in a most miserable mood; resigned, it is true, to circumstances, but not submissive to the will of God. It was a wicked defiance springing from weakness which had taken possession of me, and which filled me with bitterness. What call had I, thought I to myself, to go hunting at the sacrifice of my life for this stupid Hummelshayn, on which, doubtless, the devil has spread his wings in order to hide it? Let it remain, if it chooses, under its pleasant veils; I, at least, am determined to make no further search for it. If I am fated to die here, I must bear my destiny. But if I live till the morrow, and can move my limbs, I shall go straight back to Dresden, and the Ziegesars will learn when too late what enjoyment they have missed.

Stripping off the burthen from my back, I crept under the far-extending branches of an old oak, placed the wallet under my head, and fearing nothing, hoping nothing, and thinking of nothing, but in the enjoyment of deep and salutary repose, I lay like a dead person there. And a dead person I could easily have become, for I was hot from walking, lightly clad, and without mantle.

But something extraordinary now occurred, of which I have not, even to the present day, been able to find a satisfactory explanation.

Abandoning myself wholly to a deathlike repose,

such as we feel when a fainting fit begins, I lay about ten minutes, when a peculiar change came over me. Though I had not slept, yet I had the pleasant sense of a gradual awaking, and it seemed as if a veil had been withdrawn, which had hidden from me till then things long familiar to me. The objects immediately surrounding me, though clothed with the garment of night, appeared to me suddenly as well known as they must have done to the crossbills and the finches which here had their nests. In this wilderness I was a stranger no longer—I recognised everything; I recognised the old roots at my side—yea, I recognised the very individual blades of grass and the stones in the midst of which I was reposing; and furthermore the dark juniper, and that dead pendent branch full of moss and lichens. I knew that all these things must of necessity be there.

That I had, perhaps, been at this spot when a child is not impossible; but I had no recollection thereof. And this supposition would neither explain the accurate knowledge of each individual thing, nor my state of mind, which was altogether extraordinary and abnormal. Transitory moments every one has when a new situation appears to him well known and identified with events long gone by. Thus was it with me, with the difference that the illusion was of much longer duration. Naturally I now knew in what direction my steps were to be turned if I was to arrive

at Hummelshayn, and I felt strength and courage to reach it that very evening.

Refreshed and revived, I rose as if I had been enjoying a good sound sleep, seized my wallet, and put myself again in movement. Paths broad or narrow, great or small, existed just as little as before; but I neither looked for them, nor felt the need of them. Straight through the wood I went, from one well-known object to another; and I always knew that I was going right. Disregarding my sore feet, I stalked through the dark wayless forest with assurance as valiant as if I had been traversing the well-known environments of my father's abode.

How long I thus wandered I knew not, but at last the forest came to an end. I found myself in open ground; and, without the slightest surprise, I beheld the castle so long desired, and the church and the contiguous buildings. Not, however, as I should have done, from the Altenburg side, but from the opposite side, by the road that comes from Kahla, did I arrive at the court of the castle. My kinsfolk, who were about to go to bed, were terrified by my ghastly appearance, and heard with astonishment the narrative of my adventures. They refreshed and gladdened me with the best they had, and so excited was I with joy that I had at last to be driven by force to bed.

FRESH OCCURRENCES.

My Hummelshayn life began with a sleep which lasted thirty-six hours. I was afterwards informed, it is true, that I had once during that time been roused out of my sleep, and as an unconscious phantom had appeared at table; but immediately after the repast I had gone again to bed, and of the whole circumstances I retained not the slightest recollection.

After such extraordinary regalement and revival, it was no wonder that Hummelshayn appeared to me in the rosiest light, especially as I found there the very society I wanted. The quasi-cousin Hermann, at that time a scholar in the first class at Kloster-Rossleben,* had not only, like most scholars in vacation-time, brought the best humour, but also two fellow-pupils, Von Wagenheim and Von Scheliha, to whom assuredly neither the power nor the purpose was lacking of enjoying their young existence. Likewise, our worthy and well-tried companion of a former day, Herr Hannibal Anteportas, now a well-appointed page at the Rudolstadt Court, was at home on leave, and was con-

* Rossleben, or Kloster-Rossleben, is a school not unlike in some respects the great English schools, such as Eton and Harrow. It is situated in the Prussian governmental district of Merseburg. The institution arose in the middle of the sixteenth century out of an Augustinian nunnery which had been founded in the middle of the twelfth century. Many were the vicissitudes it underwent from the wars which afflicted Germany and from other causes.—*Tr.*

tinually with us. Then the halls of our abode, the old castle, as well as the court and the garden, resounded with youthful jollity, with vigorous songs, with merry discourses, and with the click and clash of rapiers, which we had continually in our hands. Besides, we bathed twice a day, and ate with a colossal appetite, corresponding to our other achievements. In short, our life was a true holiday life, such as is read of in books.

At last those beautiful days were brought to a close by an excursion to the surrounding regions which I took with Hermann alone, and the main object of which was to see again old friends, well-wishers, and acquaintances. Among others, we visited in Rudolstadt the gifted painter of battle-pieces, Cotta, of whom I have already spoken; in Katzenhütte, our former instructor, the pastor Bäring; in Jena, the Frommanns, the Köthens, and the student Förster. With Förster I remained while Hermann preceded me to Drakendorf, where his parents were waiting for us.

Under Förster's guidance I saw as much of the town and the country as so short a time as a couple of days permitted. We were the guests of some of the professors, among whom Fries interested me most. I was already acquainted with him, as, when occasionally passing through Dresden, he was a visitor at our house. Of the peculiar opinions of this man there was in our family frequent discourse.

Fries had originally been a Herrnhuter (Moravian), and he had been educated in Herrnhutish principles. In his whole character, conduct, and manner likewise, the peculiar attributes of that religious community—the kindness and the mildness—were manifested. All through his life, too, the community remained very dear to him. Its theological direction, however, he had long forsaken. Before the light of scientific inquiry the faith of his childhood, in which he had been grounded, vanished like mist before the morning sun. Formally at least, for Fries maintained that essentially he still clung to it; and not merely with the heart, like his professional brother Jacobi, who was congenial to him in mind, but in idea or conception, like Hegel at a later period. It was only the facts of the Gospel and the dogmas of the Church which had transformed themselves in his eyes into unessential images and formulas of the Divine Idea. The latter, as the essential, he wished to retain; he merely desired to give it a different foundation from that of the Church. What of the Idea, after so many strippings and peelings, remained, he best knew. At all events, in this remainder he thought he possessed a kind of Christianity; and, whatever it was, he held it very dear. He loved the companionship of believing Christians, with whom he always felt at home, if they were forbearing towards his peculiar spiritual attitude. Towards Herrnhut his heart often drew him, that he might be

edified by the beautiful services of the community, and take part in its love-feasts and its sacraments.

These spiritual tendencies of Fries excited in my father some astonishment. My father could not understand whence the thing could come if the cause did not exist, and was of opinion that if the events mentioned in the Holy Scripture really occurred, the Holy Scripture was true alike in form and contents; but if not, then they must both be false. Against such alternatives might have been brought forward in array Æsop's Fables, as well as all the myths of the ancient world, though nothing is recorded in both but the profanest wisdom derived from experience. But it seemed as if Fries did not wish to argue, and was inclined to leave to every one the beliefs suited to his individuality, or that, so far as our household was concerned, he aimed at convincing my father of the conformity of the opinions held by my father and by himself: the setting of the jewel might be different. Fries maintained that whether the Evangelists strove to seize and represent the idea in question in histories; the Church to enforce it in dogmas, rites, and ordinances; Art to display it in images; finally, philosophy to exhibit it in conceptions—all this did not affect or change the idea in the least, and that what my father painted was exactly the same as what he, the philosopher, demonstrated in the lecture-room. Each one had his own language, that was all.

By such discourses my father was not particularly edified, and my mother still less so. However, at a later period, my father said to my mother, "Fries is sure to become a Christian at last."

In any case my father had a genuine esteem for the amiable and worthy man.

At that time I heard Fries in Jena discourse on the dignity of manly character, a dignity which I immediately began to discover in myself. I was delighted with the harangue. I thought to myself that students must have a very pleasant life. What, indeed, can surpass the joy of sitting at our ease on cosy seats, and allowing ourselves to be entertained in the best fashion by gifted and learned men, and to be filled like an empty cask with all wisdom? Of the grievous necessity which comes upon many a one of getting his cask afterwards properly bunged up, I knew at that time nothing.

But a much more famous man than Fries—yea, the most illustrious man in Germany—I could at that period have heard speak if I had chosen; namely, the king of poets, Goethe, who happened to be on a visit to Jena. The Frommanns had invited me to meet him, regarding this as the greatest treat that could be offered to a human being who was not wholly stupid. Very stupid, therefore, must I have been; or, perhaps, I was too shy to appear in travelling attire before the Minister of State Goethe. In short, much alarmed, I

escaped to Drakendorf, whence I, along with the whole Ziegesar family, returned to Hummelshayn.

THE CRIPPLE OF HOHENSTEIN.

With that episode my leave of absence came to an end, and I prepared for my homeward journey. I did not, however, intend to go by way of Leipsic; my purpose, on the contrary, was to proceed through the Erzgebirge; not that this region had a special interest for me, but because I wished to pay a visit—wished to find a man respecting whom there had recently been much discourse among us.

On the Sundays we spent at Loschwitz, my mother had read to us a book by Schubert, called "Old and New," which contained many edifying examples drawn from the faith-life of devout men. In this book mention is made of a pious man of the people, by trade a linen-weaver, called Steffan, whom Schubert knew personally, because he lived in Schubert's native town—Hohenstein. This man was old, and poor, and infirm; he had, therefore, everything which mankind most shun, and in rich measure, for his age was considerable, his poverty that of a beggar, and his infirmity incurable. Nevertheless, he was a happy man, and that in truth he could be so made him not a little interesting, for it seemed to be evidence and confirmation of the beatifying force of the Christianity he professed.

According to Schubert's narrative, Steffan had been unmarried till a tolerably advanced age. But another weaver, to whom Steffan had been bound by friendship since youth, died. He was married, and on his death-bed he made Steffan promise to take care of those whom he was leaving behind. To fulfil the promise Steffan married the widow, whose dowry consisted of two little girls, one of whom was deaf and dumb. But Steffan trusted in the help of God, which he soon, and in an extraordinary manner, needed and experienced. He had been very strong and healthy, but he fell ill; he was tortured by ceaseless and bitter pain, and at last was so paralysed that he could neither stand nor walk, and therefore could not leave his bed. There could now be no weaving, and the wife could earn nothing, for her husband and her deaf and dumb daughter required her constant attention and attendance. The family seemed doomed to irretrievable ruin.

But now came that most wonderful succour of which Schubert, in his book, presents a vast array of striking examples. Although to the poor invalid nothing remained as stock in trade but the fourth petition in the Lord's Prayer, yet this sufficed for all exigencies, for always at the right time, and generally by unknown hands, what was most needful was brought into the house. In truth, it was only what was most needful; but Steffan had never known anything better, and he was now almost overwhelmed by the excess of kindness

which streamed on him from all sides, and without any effort, or, as he might suppose, any merit of his own.

Of my intention to visit this man I had spoken at Hummelshayn, and when I was taking leave, my aunt gave me a sum of money "for the linen-weaver," unless I required it for my own use. How great was my joy! for my purse was so empty that I could not spare a single groschen. Now, however, I did not need to appear with empty hands.

After several days of hot marching, I arrived one evening at Hohenstein. Whether my saint was still alive, and whether Schubert had given the right name, or perhaps from a kind feeling had given only the Christian name, these and the like questions occupied me. Near the first houses I reached stood a group of neighbours. I asked them whether Steffan was known to them. They answered that there were several Steffans. I said that my Steffan was very poor; but they assured me that all the Steffans were poor. When at last I described the person I sought as old, and as paralysed in the legs, a workman who came forward remarked that the description suited a person whom he knew, an old devotee; but that I could not be seeking a person of that stamp. It was, however, exactly a person of that stamp whom I was seeking. I was supremely delighted. I had the devotee's dwelling described to me, which, situated at the other

end of this little city set on a hill, could not easily be missed.

Before the door of the house, which had a frail look, as if the wind had been playing tricks with it, I found a woman, who was carrying in wood that had been broken up small for the fire, and when I asked for the linen-weaver Steffan, she pointed to the steps leading up to the house. Here I entered a room of the poorest kind, whose chief furniture consisted of a couple of beds. In one of them lay a strikingly handsome old man, who by means of a rope wound round the foot of the bed, and the other end of which he held in his hand like a bridle, contrived to keep himself in a sitting position. Round him stood a number of children, whom he appeared to be instructing. He looked at me interrogatively.

I said that I had a message for the linen-weaver Steffan.

"My name is Steffan," he replied; "but if you are not in an excessive hurry, pardon a little delay. I intend to dismiss the school almost immediately."

I thought to myself that if this was the right Steffan he must in the meantime have become a schoolmaster. I placed myself, therefore, in a corner, and the man proceeded with his occupation. He made the children repeat the Commandments, and spoke to them from time to time so simply, so touchingly, and with such warmth of love, that I was deeply affected thereby.

I could no longer doubt that I was in the right chamber, and had the right person before me.

After a brief space the children were dismissed; the old man beckoned to me, and with a feeling of much reverence I approached the bed on which, exhausted, he had again lain down. It would have pleased me best to begin by asking his blessing, and I was pained and perplexed that instead of doing so, I had to offer paltry alms.

"What have you to say to me?" inquired Steffan, at the same time holding out his hand to me in the kindest way. I told him that a lady in Thuringia, from which I had just come, had given me something for him; and I said that I knew not whether my arrival was opportune, but that I must fulfil my commission. Thereupon I placed on the coverlet of the bed my aunt's gift, consisting of three thalers in coin.

Steffan said not a word. He folded his hands, and tears following tears flowed from his eyes. But when his wife entered, the same woman who had given me directions, he said in a low voice, "Look! there is money here for the whole rent."

I could not hinder the woman from kissing my hands, though I was not the giver. In the excess of her gratitude she could scarcely speak, but I now learned that next day an execution was to have been put into the house for arrears of rent. The sum, however, I had brought was to a farthing the exact equivalent of

the debt. It was neither more nor less; three thalers had been lacking, and yet in the presence of the worthy man I had felt shame for the smallness of the gift. Small as the gift was, it yet sufficed to save him from the rapacity of the landlord.

I had now to tell Steffan how it happened that my aunt had heard of the distress of a man living so far from her, and occupying such a humble position. Naturally thus I had to speak of Schubert's book. In great astonishment Steffan raised himself up. He was completely bewildered by the idea that in books there could be anything about him, the Hohenstein weaver, as doubtless Schubert himself would have been no less amazed to know that Steffan had become acquainted with the circumstance. However, Steffan knew well the character of his old friend, and said at last in a very emphatic tone, "The dear, good Schubert! But our Father in heaven has marvellous children and marvellous ways."

That God had marvellous ways, Steffan had learned long before this evening. Very various had been his experiences, and he gladly and gratefully spoke of the notable manner in which the most miraculous succours had reached him, and always without any endeavour of his own. He had never begged—except at the gates of heaven, at which all Christians, great and small, are daily taught to pray.

"This day," he said, "who could know that we had

burned the very last chip of wood? Behold! an unknown carter comes, and puts down before the door a whole cart-load of wood chopped and cleft small. In vain my wife protests that we had not ordered any wood, and could not pay for any. 'It is all right,' cried the carter, 'if this is where Steffan, the cripple, lives.' Thereupon he drove away, and refused to receive any thanks. And now, my young friend, you come from the Thuringian Forest to pay our rent! And thus matters have gone for ten years—indeed, from the time that I have not been able to leave my bed. Who am I, Lord, that thou art mindful of me? Never hast thou allowed the oil and the meal to fail, though I lie in idleness here, like a fallow field."

But it occurred to me that the school must bear some fruits. When I spoke of this to Steffan, he said that it was an additional source of gratitude to him that the little things came very willingly to him. They were poor children who worked in the factories. All day they were busy earning their living, and could not go to school. Some of them came to him in the evening after the working hours, and he instructed them in reading, writing, and the catechism. This employment was a joy and a refreshing to his soul.

Thus, then, this poorest of poor men was the benefactor of many poor children, who but for him must have been running wild. Perhaps he had been made infirm in body that he might sow the seed of spiritual

health in the souls of these little children, who possibly thus had an advantage over such as attended the parish school, where, at least in Steffan's opinion, no Christianity was taught; but where, as if the more noble animals, such as lions and elephants, were to serve as examples, instruction was merely given how to do justly and to fear nothing.

While Steffan and I were thus talking, it had grown dark, and Steffan's wife, whose household affairs had kept her in continual movement, lit a small tin lamp, which was suspended by a wire chain just above the noble brow of the old man, and marvellously illuminated his serenely peaceful countenance. There was here a Raphael head in a Rembrandt light. The whole scene was one I should never have grown tired of looking at, and which I should gladly have painted if it had been possible. Meanwhile, a brown-bread soup was served up for me and Steffan. With thanksgiving, and without any sinful overloading of the stomach, we ate the food from earthenware plates. The wife retired modestly into a corner. Either she thought that she was too humble for my society, or perhaps she had given me her own share of the soup, and was thus herself fasting. Which was the real case I cannot say; at all events, it seemed as if she was inviting me to eat what she ought to have eaten herself.

When the meal was finished she joined the circle

again in cordial fashion, drew her spinning-wheel from the corner, and remained with us. She had brought in also the above-mentioned deaf and dumb daughter, who with a grimace held out her hand to me. She was an excessively ugly person of about twenty years old, and carried in her arms a child which she ceaselessly caressed, till Steffan took it from her. I asked if she was married. The poor old man shook his head, and said, with a look of grief, that the child did not bear a paternal name, for who its father was could not be discovered.

Thus, in addition to all their other troubles, the poor creatures had to suffer the most horrible of misfortunes, and how keenly they felt it may be easily imagined; but no hard word, scarcely even a lamentation, escaped from Steffan's lips. He did not, after the manner of unbelief, marvel that such an affliction had befallen him, the innocent; rather he marvelled at the undeserved goodness of God toward him. He felt that as he had daily so many blessings, he ought not to think it hard to suffer sometimes as his sins merited. It was a pleasant sight to behold the old man with the little child in his arms, which he kept as long as the impatience of the mother allowed.

Gradually the company grew more numerous. The husband of the elder daughter, a weaver of the name of Uhlich, his wife, and various other persons of lowly position, had one by one joined us. They had mani-

festly been invited to meet me, as I had formerly been invited to meet Goethe. As each one entered he held out his hand to me and to all the others with cordiality and kindness. Then seats were taken according as they could be found, and the empty bed served as a sofa. One of the guests even sat on the table.

The conversation soon flowed and glowed. It is natural that travellers should be asked to tell how matters look at home, and I had something cheering to communicate about many persons whose way of thinking and feeling on sacred subjects resembled that of those who were now near me. The guests, however, could not conceal their astonishment when they learned that I, whom they regarded as a student of theology, was to be a painter. Art appeared to these good people, if not a vain, at least a useless employment. Steffan, however, threw his shield over me. He said that every occupation was vain if it was made to serve vanity, and that even preaching was not an exception, but that a painter could choose and treat subjects pleasing to God. He himself had once in a church seen a picture which had edified him more than the sermon, and he had heard that the deceased saint Zinzendorf had been religiously awakened by a picture.

The conversation glanced at a variety of topics. Steffan was the best speaker; but the others seemed all estimable people, in whose society it was pleasant to be, and with whom it was easy to feel at home.

Every scholar in the fourth class of a school could have surpassed them in learning, and of the conventional observances of higher society they knew nothing. Nevertheless, when Christianity is an affair of the heart, it has in itself the power to bestow a peculiar culture of a lovable kind, which ennobles the whole being, even of the humblest labourer. At the close, Steffan read a chapter from the Holy Scripture, and then dismissed his guests.

But as for me, *I* was not dismissed. The warm-hearted old man and his wife pressed me to be their guest for the night, and they must have bewitched me, for I consented to remain. Frau Steffan put clean sheets on the other bed, which was probably her own, and she then withdrew with her daughter to find a resting-place God knows where.

When I had retired to rest, the old man blew his lamp out and began to pray. In a loud voice, and in his simple fashion, he prayed for *me* also, and with such glad faith, and such fervent trustingness, that my soul was upward borne to the still peace of a better world, where doubt and sin and death are unknown. It seemed to me that I felt the presence of the angels who stood round the bed of my dear friend and host, till gradually the curtain fell down that separates sleeping and waking from each other.

What a rich man was this poor Steffan! A philosopher of the ancient world would, in his place, have

without more ado killed himself, while he, a tortured and trodden worm as he was, not merely lived in exceeding cheerfulness and thankfulness as far as he individually was concerned, but from his abundance could strengthen and edify others. These are the true marvels of the Christian creed. If, therefore, the Christian creed is a delusion, as some self-styled wise people pretend, it may be asked whether such delusion is not preferable to any and every truth that leaves us plunged hopelessly in affliction and sin. But delusion it cannot be; the faith of a Steffan grows not on the trunk of a lie.

I had slept soundly till the bright morning, when the tones of a violin awoke me. At the first moment I was astonished to find myself in such a singular scene —lying in a bed which was close to the bed of an old man who, with a clear voice like that of a lark, sang to his violin. Steffan had followed his usual custom, and had saluted the break of day with a song of praise.

I was soon on my legs, soon ready to depart. But I listened for a considerable time to the conversation of the remarkable man, till Uhlich, and two others who had formed part of the company the evening before, came to escort me. Then I took leave of the noble old man, after he had placed his hands on my head and given me his blessing.

THE TRAVELLING ADVENTURES COME TO AN END.

The further continuance of the homeward journey was pleasant enough. My Hohenstein friends insisted on carrying my wallet, and accompanied me three or four leagues, and almost to the gates of the manufacturing town—Chemnitz. They never grew tired of speaking of their spiritual father and prophet, old Steffan—of his strength of faith, his humility and love, and also of the mockery and the contempt which he, as well as they, had to suffer from their so-called enlightened fellow-citizens. But they seemed content to be scorned and despised, and deemed it inevitable that they, as servants of Christ, should share the reproach of their Lord and Master.

The better to succour and sustain me on the way to blessedness, my friends gave me, ere we parted, a printed passport, drawn up in Bunyan's style, and pretending to be drawn up and signed by the Lord of Heaven himself. Therein, in well-intentioned but somewhat clumsy verses, the characteristics of a true Christian were perhaps very faithfully depicted. But if the word *pass* comes from *passen*,* the description did not apply to me, and every police-officer must have been justified in apprehending me. I should therefore have

* *Reisepass* or *Pass*, "passport;" *Passen*, "to fit," "to suit," "to be adapted to," "to correspond with."—*Tr.*

been anxious to discern the distinctive Christian marks in myself; but I lacked the simplicity whereby I could have been earnestly edified by religious pastimes of this kind.

Old Steffan had urged it on me as a duty to visit, in Chemnitz, Schubert's sister, who was married to the burgomaster Wirth there—a fact I had not previously known. I intended merely to give my salutations in passing, but the worthy folks seemed determined to confirm and illustrate their hospitable name by deeds.* They made me write to my parents that I intended to remain some days, and to see everything remarkable which Chemnitz and its environs presented. Sights of this kind are sure sooner or later to be forgotten. But the hearty kindness of my dear *hosts* is enshrined in my liveliest and most thankful recollections.

With a supply of bread and butter and of cold meat, I departed on the third day, and directed my steps first of all to the romantically-situated Augustusburg, in whose neighbourhood I was overtaken by a solitary bagman on horseback. He saluted me courteously, and entered into conversation with me. As he was tired of riding, and I was tired of walking, he offered me an exchange, as a result of which I got on the horse's back, and he added my wallet as a burthen to his own. Whether it was by way of security that he loaded himself with these two wallets, or whether he

* *Wirth*, "host;" *Wirthlich*, "hospitable."—*Tr.*

wanted to relieve his horse, which carried a large portmanteau, I know not. But this I know, that enthroned on the horse I was as happy as a king, and that the arrangement made by my travelling friend supremely delighted me.

From the adventure, however, nothing further followed than that we proceeded for a couple of hours in great peace together, till we reached the small town of Oederan, where, on my companion's proposal, we entered an inn of no extraordinary attractions, called "The Cook-shop." The host—a comfortable-looking man in shirt-sleeves, and with a knitted nightcap—received us at the door of the inn, and conducted us into the chief room. Supper was just ready; and with the host's family we partook of roast loin of veal, with stewed prunes, bread and butter, and cheese; we had, moreover, as a beverage, Flöha beer, which at that time had a great reputation. I was in a very happy mood, and gave an account of my travelling adventures; and especially I spoke about old Steffan, whose character had made the deepest impression on my heart. The whole company listened to me with visible edification. Even the children hung on my lips with eager ears and eyes; and ever more and more was manifested the desire to hear about the sick Steffan, who, spite of his keen sufferings and his excessive poverty, rested with joy in his God.

At nine o'clock the host accompanied me to my

room—a whitewashed little chamber, with a white-scoured table and chairs of fir-wood, and an inviting bed, in which it was delicious to sleep. Next morning early I had some good coffee and some new wheaten bread. Thus I had been well treated in the "Cook-shop." But when the time of payment arrived, considerable anxiety came over me. I had, unasked, been obliged to live well. Only, however, sixteen groschen remained in my purse, and it was eight (German) miles to Dresden. With the air of a millionaire, however, I put my hand into my pocket, and asked what I owed.

"Two groschen and eight farthings,"* said the host, "if the young gentleman does not think it too much."

That it certainly was not. On the contrary, this was the cheapest bill I ever had to pay. And I was almost inclined to believe that the benevolent landlord had favoured me for some reason or another, and perhaps because I had contributed to the entertainment of the company on the preceding evening. With a hearty shaking of hands, and as good friends, we parted. I thanked the landlord for being so hospitably treated, and left my salutations for the bagman, who intended to remain at Oederan for a short time, and who was still asleep.

In good time I arrived at Freiberg, and called on the friend of our house already mentioned, Herr von

* Literally *pennies*. The sum demanded is nearly equivalent to threepence of English money.—*Tr.*

Prtzschtnowski, called Prestano, who had fixed his residence in Freiberg for a season. He was just about, in a carriage of his own, to start for Dresden, and he took me with him. The road passed through Tharand and Potschappel. In the latter of these places my companion gave me a pleasure of a peculiar kind. He took me into an old exhausted coal-pit to show me the immense mass of crystals, which in many places almost entirely covered the vaulted roofs of the passages, and which, in the blaze of the lights borne along, weirdly glittered.

Thus I had an opportunity of beholding, on this journey, the world both in its interior and its exterior, and I got home in excellent health. I had, of course, a great deal to tell. My mother felt the deepest interest in my visit to Hohenstein, and she took occasion therefrom to write to Steffan. He replied through his son-in-law, the faithful Uhlich, who was accustomed to visit the Dresden annual fairs, and who carried letters, loving salutations, and small gifts to and fro, till at last the news of Steffan's death arrived. To his true home old Steffan had departed.

CHAPTER V.

THE LANDED ESTATE.

During my absence the other members of my family had not been without their peculiar experiences. Indeed, something very pleasant had come to pass.

"Do you know that you have become a country booby?" said my brother to me.

"And what have you become?" I rejoined.

"Also a country booby—nothing but a country booby. We have come into the possession of *land and people.*"

"Where does the land lie?"

"To the south of the 'White Stag.'"

"And who are the people?"

"A vintager* and his family, with a watch-dog and a cow. Do you see?"

For years the scheme of buying a landed property

* Here the word is nearly equivalent to "gardener" or "head farm-servant," though in a region of vineyards the care of the vines must be his chief occupation.—*Tr.*

had haunted my father's brain. His ambition, indeed, did not go as far as a baronial manor or a knight's manor, but merely aspired to gardens and vineyards. Such "summer pleasures," as estates of the kind wanted were called in Dresden, had been often looked at. But though they had satisfied *us*, they had never satisfied my father; or, when they did, he had not been able to come to terms with the owners. We children had ended by regarding the purchase of an estate as we regarded the Russian journey—as a thing not destined to be realised.

So much the more was I surprised by my brother's news that an estate had really been purchased, and a very agreeable estate too; namely, the old, well-known, and much-beloved vineyard, the mansion of which we had in Senff's time occupied as tenants, and towards which our yearnings had always gone. This small estate, of about forty Magdeburg* acres, was only a short league from the city, and fulfilled all our requirements and wishes. The farmyard and the dwelling-house lay about half-way between the Ravine Bridge and the village of Loschwitz, occupying a middle point as to height on the chain of hills which extends from the Saxon Switzerland† along the Elbe. From this

* The German name for an acre is *Morgen*, "morning;" either so much land as a man with one team can plough in a morning, or as much as he can mow in a morning. The Magdeburg *Morgen* is a hundred and eighty Prussian poles.—*Tr.*

† The name of the Saxon Switzerland is given to this region, not

point the rows of vines interspersed with fruit-trees climbed to the crest of a hill. Towards the "White Stag" and the Bautzen Road, meadows, fields, and dwarf oaks extended and rounded the scene. I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that from the height we could see at least sixteen square (German) miles, and quite as many villages; countless castles and country-houses, forests, fields, hills, and valleys, and the broad stream of the Elbe winding in the midst of the landscape. If to these attractions is added the *pretium affectionis* derived from the consciousness of personal possession, our vineyard, just as it was, must have appeared a paradise to us. How much more enchanting must it be, adorned with all the new buildings, all the improvements that were planned! The dwelling-house, which had a somewhat naked look, was to be set in a new frame of flowers and shrubs; the fountain, in whose trough I, accompanied by the gardener's son Gottlieb, had enjoyed many a blood-freezing bath, was to assume a livelier and more elevated character; the undergrowth of oaks was to be transformed into a pleasant wood, and guests were to be immensely charmed by forest shadows and by the musical rustle of trees. Above all, our father, who had up to this time been obliged to get on the best way he could in houses not his own, proposed to build

because it has any geographical relation to Switzerland properly so called, but because it contrasts with the dead level of Northern Germany.—*Tr.*

a large studio, with a window occupying the whole breadth of the wall; and he impatiently yearned for the hour when, in this fulness of light, he could paint with unaccustomed distinctness of touch and opulence of colour. The rebuilding of the house was, therefore, forthwith undertaken: walls were pulled down, others rose in their place, and almost daily some of us went out to see what shape affairs were assuming.

To those joys was joined the first vintage; and if the quantity was not great, the quality was excellent. We all put our hands to the work, we all helped to house the precious gift of God; and it was a true delight to see my father with glowing face, and with a wicker basket on his shoulders, marching along the vine-clad slopes. The red grapes, after the Rhenish fashion, were first trodden, first thoroughly crushed; and then, when the mass had stood some days in the vessels, it was put into the wine-press. It was a supreme rapture to behold the juice, red as rubies, bursting forth like a valiant mountain-spring; and whosoever approached could taste thereof and be glad. More palatable, though not producing so good a wine, was the thicker juice of the white grapes, which, untrodden, were heaped up together, and thus at first yielded sap only through their own weight. Of this so-called *Ausbruch** my brother and I drank so freely,

* Literally "outbreak" or "outbreaking." It is the name given specially to Hungarian wine of the first press, or generally to the purest wine that runs from the tub before the grapes are pressed.—*Tr.*

and indeed so immoderately, that the anxious vintager thought a little admonition would not be out of place. He said that the young gentlemen were sure to have "terrible torments in their inside." We, however, believed that nothing in the world had such a delicious taste, and were persuaded that the present enjoyment was an ample compensation for the future pain. We, therefore, went on drinking as long as there was opportunity; and there were no evil consequences, for the threatened "terrible torments in the inside" never came.

The noble liquor was placed in the cellar, and my father, during the period of critical transformation, treated it with as much attention, tenderness, and care as if he had been a physician watching over the life of some high-born patient. And, like a valiant king, the wine renewed its strength, resembled Assmannshauser, and showed what the Elbe grapes are capable of when they are properly managed.*

What of the wine we did not require for our own use we sold for a good price; and it was easy to calculate that, if only once in seven years there was an abundant crop, the vineyard was sure to be very profitable.

* Assmannshausen is a village in the Duchy of Nassau, and owes its fame to the wine produced in its neighbourhood. There are two kinds of Assmannshauser wine, the red and the white. The former is by far the better of the two, and by some connoisseurs is preferred to the best Burgundy.—*Tr.*

My father had thus obtained an estate which brought him no perplexities and troubles. He settled it on his wife, in order that it might be her possession and residence when she was a widow; for he had thoroughly persuaded himself that she must survive him. And he had arrived at this faith through a singular cabalistical calculation which, in his youth, had been taught him by an old monk. The Christian names of two married people having been ascertained, the letters were changed into arithmetical figures, and these so multiplied in combination, and then so divided, that the sum total showed which of the two spouses was to die first. My mother once saw my father perform the operation in a large company, keeping, however, the secret to himself. The Christian names of married people who were unknown to him—of some, indeed, who were dead—were given to him; he calculated, and in every case he was right. In his own case, too, he was right, though his prophecy was fulfilled much sooner than he expected. The pleasant little vineyard, which was so great a joy to him, he was destined never to occupy as a resident.

My father pushed on the building of the house as strenuously as he could. Even during the winter he did not allow any pause, and he went out several times every week to give directions to the workmen. With what delight he looked forward to the spring, that he might enter on the possession of his country-house!

That delight was shared by us all, and eminently by myself; for at the same time I was to become my father's disciple, to shake the chalk-dust from my hands, and in the new studio to wield my first brush. Pleasures in prospect were so abundant that we did not know in what direction to look. Nevertheless, the winding-sheet was already woven which was to cover all these glories and blessings.

CHAPTER VI.

A GOOD TEACHER.

About this time my father was raised to the rank of an ordinary professor.* He had now to take his part in the academical instruction, which was so distributed among the different masters that each of them was occupied only for some months, and only for certain hours in the day. This was not, therefore, a post which interfered with or interrupted an artist's own employments. But there was a proportionally higher rate of remuneration, for the salary was increased from three hundred to a thousand thalers. Besides, the opportunity was given of forming and informing many young artists. My father, therefore, gladly accepted his promotion.

* In the German universities there are three orders of teachers: the highest, the *Professores Ordinarii*, or ordinary professors; the second, the *Professores Extraordinarii*, or extraordinary professors; the lowest, the *Magistri Legentes*, or *Docenten*, or instructors. In other institutions devoted to the more exalted kinds of culture there are likewise ordinary and extraordinary professors.—*Tr.*

He who had just been appointed *Professor Ordinarius* had to commence his official duties in the Gypssaal, where I awaited his advent with some excitement and anxiety. Of course it was natural for a son to have a strange and troubled feeling when he had first to recognise his father as his official superior. I was somewhat perplexed when I saw this beloved and familiar figure enter, and when I rose with the others to make to the new teacher a respectful salutation.

So far all went well. But are the students not sure to draw on the wall, in ridiculous attitudes, my father's figure, as they have drawn that of so many other professors? These artistic performances no one claimed as his own, and therefore they were never appreciated according to their merits. It would not have been easy, therefore, for me to reprove any one for a caricature of the kind. Meanwhile was speedily manifested the influence which the personal qualities of my father never failed to exercise on the young. His frankness and cordiality of character, his urbanity, and the masterly way in which his corrections were made, won the hearts of the students at once. The students crowded to these corrections, which were distinguished as much by firmness and precision as by forbearance. Each student had the consciousness that the master gave him his full sympathy, and wished to promote his progress. My father not merely called attention to blunders and failures, but to the causes thereof. He

evermore came to the aid of the eye through the understanding; and when he himself gave some touches, the help was thankfully received. For he took care not to injure the drawing in any way; he left it so neat and clean, that the pleasure of finishing it was not marred. Only with the lightest charcoal he indicated the necessary changes; or when, from a defective perception or conception of form, this did not suffice, he worked out some special details on the margin, with a playful ease creating in a few minutes what we required hours to do. That what *he* did was better than what *we* could achieve, even the most stupid could in a moment see. But he left each student at liberty to follow the master's counsel or not. He urged it on the students as a duty closely to examine the corrections made or suggested; told them never to draw anything which offended their own eye. An old painter, he was in the habit of declaring, could err as well as another; and even if this were not so, a mistake made by ourselves is not worse than an excellence appropriated from others. The examination by the student, however, always proved that the master was right. Pondering on the corrections, the student came to the conclusion that it seemed as if they had been made by the very hand of infallible Nature.

When the last evening of the month arrived, and when as a consequence the class was to pass into other hands, there was doubtless a silent resolution in the

hearts of all to offer thanks for the instruction received. But precisely on this evening my father was absent, as he had returned with me late from the vineyard. On the following day, therefore, a deputation appeared in the "God's Blessing," and introduced by a suitable speech from Kopmann, presented an address of thanks, which, on account of its simple and hearty style, I here reproduce:—

"Highly esteemed Herr Professor,—

"How warmly have we wished to see you once more with us in the Gypssaal! Without any previous agreement, every one of us had been instinctively incited to a fervent thanksgiving for the kind way in which you treated us, and for the interest you took in our progress. Very deeply have we felt this, and we are unable to impose silence on our emotion and gratitude. Would that you could look into our souls! You would see that which words cannot express—what a profound impression your benevolence has made upon us;" and so on.

(All had signed.)

By reason of the independent attitude taken by the Gypssaal, and the isolation from the influence of the teachers, this *Saal* did not stand well in the eyes of the academical authorities. It now, however, appeared that nothing was lacking to the intractable horse but

the right kind of rider; for it was not possible to recognise in humbler and more grateful fashion the commencing exertions of a teacher than had here been done. But if a public teacher has once gained the hearts of his scholars, there is a tendency to idealise and idolise whatever he attempts. It is therefore possible that the favourable feeling towards my father was intensified by a circumstance scarcely worthy in itself of being chronicled.

The lame student Berthold had been taking a solitary walk late in the evening. He was met by some young officers who were unknown to him, and who were probably intoxicated. As he could not or would not get out of their way, they grossly insulted him, and without ceremony threw him into the ditch. This insolent and cruel treatment of a defenceless cripple provoked his comrades almost more than it exasperated the injured man himself. There was an eager desire to find out the perpetrators of the cowardly deed, and to call them in some fashion or another to account. But the gratification of the desire would probably have had disastrous results all round. It was eminently Schill who expressed the bold intention to knock these fops on the head in the open market-place, let the consequences be what they might. Thereupon he rammed his huge Pomeranian fists into the pockets of his riding-trousers, as if wishing to strengthen himself for martial deeds by the recollection which the trousers

suggested. And he was just the kind of fellow from whom a daring and dashing deed might have been expected.

My father had heard through me of the affair, and he urged me to employ my influence to prevent anything meanwhile from being undertaken by the students. He himself, on the other hand, took personally and without delay the necessary steps to obtain satisfaction for the injured Berthold. Poor Berthold sat one morning in the corner of his sofa eating a small roll for his second breakfast. A wholly unexpected visitor arrived — an officer with clattering sabre entered. Berthold, expecting a fresh assault, seized his crutch, and rose with a defiant look. But the officer had no evil intentions. Very courteously he announced himself as brigade-adjutant of the artillery, and expressed first of all his own sorrow, and then in the name of his criminated comrades their lively regret for the unfortunate occurrence, which had caused them all the keenest pain, and the explanation whereof must be sought in the darkness of the night, deceived whereby the officers had mistaken Berthold for another person. Finally, he had been commissioned by his general to inform him that the offenders had been placed three days under arrest; and he asked whether Berthold was willing to accept this punishment as a satisfaction.

The good-natured Berthold assured him that the

explanation and apology now given would alone and of themselves have been sufficient, and he willingly made a promise for himself and his comrades to drop the matter forthwith and altogether.

Thus ended the affair. Simon pulled his fists out of his pockets, and all the students had the thorough conviction that they had in their professor a truly fatherly friend. Berthold came in person to express his thanks, and to offer himself on this occasion to my father as a special scholar. Kopmann did the same, and both of them now looked forward with me to the spring, when we were to take our first ride into the joyous kingdom of colours.

THE ACTSAAL.

In the course of the winter I was advanced into the Actsaal,* but in the meantime only for the evening, as my remaining studies were still to have for guide and scene the Gypssaal. I resembled, therefore, an insect which has only crept imperfectly from its envelopment. But the chrysalis encumbrance that still clung to me did not trouble me much. I rejoiced over my promotion, though on this occasion without any excess of pride, for I had a more distinct perception of the difficulties awaiting me than I had on my entrance into the earlier classes.

* In German academies of painting the figures drawn after the living model are called *Acte*.—*Tr.*

In the Actsaal I found myself in a new world. I had new comrades, new objects, and a new mode of working. If I had hitherto, so to speak, practised shooting at a target merely, I had now to hit living objects. I had no longer to be contented with simply plummeting and measuring patient plaster heads, and in the midst of familiar conversation to devote as much time as I liked to copying them. The living nature permitted only a short time of grace, and had to be caught at a glance and in a moment. It is true that the pupil was not obliged to proceed further with his labours than he really proceeded, but every one naturally desired to derive from every posture witnessed the greatest possible profit. Therefore in the Actsaal the students worked with a zeal attainable only in studies from nature.

The place allotted to those exercises was a large apartment somewhat in the form of an amphitheatre. Three rows of seats rose in a semicircle one above another. In the middle of the apartment stood the model, with a bright light shining upon him. He was the butt for thirty or forty marksmen, whose glances restlessly flew up and down from the drawing-board to the model, and from the model to the drawing-board, and what the eyes gathered the hand treasured up. There was no conversation or consultation as in the Gypssaal; not a word was spoken. And in addition to the rattle of the charcoal or chalk pencils, and the

rustle of the rubbers, not a sound was heard except the remarks, not much above a whisper, of the correcting professor, who, moving from one point to another, was always present. He himself had to work till the perspiration streamed from his brow, if determined to set the more or less dislocated members found in our drawings, or to carry the distortions to the utmost possible point.

The professors were the same under whose vigorous corrections I had already suffered in the Gypssaal, with the exception, however, of two—the director, Hartmann, and the gallery-inspector, Matthai—up to that time the two most distinguished teachers in the academy. Matthäi, however, stood foremost. Along with the gift of instructing he had extraordinary information, and as a draughtsman he was unequalled. His masterly corrections were immensely admired for their prodigious skill, and all the seats were filled when his month of teaching came. To see him correct was a delight, thoroughly to enjoy which one would have drawn wrong intentionally, if the mistakes involuntarily committed had not always completely sufficed.

At the time spoken of Matthäi was a man advanced in years, and suffered from such an excessive trembling of the hand that the beholder would have been inclined to deny him the ability to draw a single line of an inch long that had any uniformity. It cost him always a considerable effort to induce the chalk to

place itself where he wished it to be instead of letting the chalk follow its own caprices. But if the wayward pencil was once fixed on the paper, it could not afterwards deviate, and followed the will of the old artist in a surprising manner. With a trembling hand, it is true, yet with an infallibly sure, delicate, and highly elegant stroke, Matthäi swept at a single dash round the whole figure, and in an instant an outline had been created, manifoldly intersecting the drawing of the scholar, and reproducing with the faithfulness of a mirror the distinctive characteristics of the model for the time being.

After the external outline had been finished, began the rectification of the internal forms, especially of the least understood parts, whose structure the professor always with surprising clearness rendered intelligible. For that purpose, he first of all placed in the marginal drawings the corresponding framework of bone, and with a precision as perfect as if he had had the naked skeleton in like position and light before his eyes; he then, with a slight and nimble stroke, supplied the muscles, and thus vanquished every difficulty, and solved every problem. Sketches thus corrected were not, as a rule, developed by the student further. They had transfigured themselves into the original studies of a great master, and were, as such, preserved and regarded as most valuable.

As an artist, so far as invention and colour were

concerned, Matthäi was possibly inferior to many of his contemporaries; but in the technical dexterity of drawing, no one probably surpassed him. I doubt at least whether, except himself, there was a man able to draw accurately and correctly the outline of a hand at a single stroke, and as firmly as if he had been making a large A, not to speak of the whole figure, with the head and the trunk, two arms and two legs, ten fingers to the hands, and ten toes to the feet. And yet all this was not something merely learnt by heart. The forms were not the accustomed forms; they were those of the particular model in their most marked characteristics. And if the model happened to be maimed, or to have a large flat foot, or to have crooked fingers, such deformities were, under Matthäi's trembling hand, transferred with astonishing precision to paper. In the presence of nature he would not permit any attempted improvements of nature. And if there was any endeavour to go beyond, or to embellish nature, his corrections were merciless. On such occasions I heard him say that he did not know why students came into the Actsaal at all, if they were already able to create everything from their own brain. At home the student could show what he knew—here he must show what he saw; and it was easier than might be supposed to become a painstaking Chinese.

This calm conscientiousness had a favourable effect on the classes; and Matthäi, as a most influential

teacher, enjoyed our highest esteem. In another respect he did not escape the sharp tongue of the students, who felt that their character and conduct as youths were too little understood and appreciated by him. He was regarded as the bitterest enemy of our "art-union," and only those who had no connection therewith attached themselves to him as special scholars. At a later period, when the "art-union" had been dissolved, he set up in his own house a small, separate academy, into which there was admission by payment of a fee, and which was much frequented.

Incomparably more popular was the jovial director of the academy, Professor Hartmann, who was likewise warmly admired as an artist. Of him, as of my father's most intimate fellow-artist, I have already spoken. Here I have merely to say that to his kindness we were at this time indebted for a great and lasting pleasure. At the period in question, a Frenchman of the name of Lebenier had come to Dresden. He gave exhibitions of muscular strength, and caused immense excitement in the artistic world by the beauty of his gestures and postures. To obtain the services of this "normal man" for the benefit of the academy, Hartmann made the most stirring and strenuous efforts, and though Lebenier's terms were exorbitant, and went far beyond the customary expenditure of the institution, yet Hartmann succeeded in inducing the royal board of managers to engage Lebenier as model,

at least for some weeks. As model, therefore, Lebenier now appeared every evening, and the concourse to see him was enormous. Not merely scholars, but advanced artists came in crowds, and regarded the discomfort of the limited sitting-room as a kind of advantage. The hero of the hour imitated the attitude of various antiques, and with the fire of inspiration our chalk pencils dashed over the paper when we wished to fix there a miraculous revelation of absolute beauty. When, finally, Lebenier threw himself into the position of the Farnese Hercules leaning on the club, the enthusiasm reached its highest point. This could not be called like Hercules, for it was Hercules himself. The Grecian marble had become alive, and at least we now for the first time felt and understood the whole grandeur of the ancient work of art in its astonishing fidelity to nature. With greater delight had probably none of us drawn after nature than then after that demigod. I dreamed at night of bisons and Titans, and looked forward with rapture the whole day to the evening entertainment in the Actsaal.

MY EARS ARE OPENED.

In that salutary season of daily progress and growth, I was fortunate enough to find entrance into another academy—namely, into the Dreysig Singing Academy, so called after its founder, the Cantor Dreysig, and

which was the best union of singers then in Dresden. It is true that I lacked the chief preliminary qualification, as in the case of my entrance into the "art-union"—I was far from being able to sing at sight. But as the society itself was also lacking in something—namely, in deep basses—and as I could descend to counter C, I was doubtless very indulgently dealt with. After a superficial trial—I had to sing the scale and to execute some intervals—the director for the time being assigned me my place among the deepest basses; and in the evening, when we were going to bed, I could ask my brother to make a guess about my new occupation or dignity.

The Dreysig Academy contained about fifty male and female singers, all of them, myself excepted, possessing a true mastery in their art, capable of seizing at a glance and reproducing musical strains difficult enough to break one's neck. There were good voices in abundance; there were some extremely beautiful voices; there was a rich repertory; the place of performance was admirably adapted to its purpose; and there was a sufficiently gruff director. There were the materials here of supreme excellence. Only sacred music was sung—oratorios, masses, psalms—such as I did not now for the first time hear, forasmuch as I had often been present at the richly musical services of the Catholic Church; but the turbulent orchestral accompaniment had confused my perception,

so that I could not always readily distinguish between opera music and church music. Here, however, where the orchestral accompaniment was no longer dominant, and where my attention was sharpened by my own co-operation, my ears opened wide to welcome that marvellous musical style whose weight, condensation, and simplicity deeply moved my heart, and so completely took my taste captive for all time, that a few notes of ecclesiastical music more powerfully seize me than all imaginable operas and symphonies.

The very first *Kyrie Eleison* set on fire my whole being, and wider and wider I opened my mouth, mingling my voice in augmenting inspiration with the mighty choir. There was in this earnestness of mine no danger either for myself or for my nearest coharmonists, the opera-singer Risse, and the mechanician Kaufmann, whom his ingeniously-constructed automata made famous.* Both of them joined in with as much firmness as the hammers of a barrel-organ, and possessed such powerful voices that it would have been impossible for me, with the best will in the world, to go wrong. Consequently, when the time was the quickest and the notes were the most difficult, they swept me grandly on, as two accomplished skaters

* Johann Gottfried Kaufmann, born 1752; his son Friedrich, born in 1782; and grandson Theodore, born in 1812—all obtained a great name by their mechanical inventions. It is doubtless Friedrich who is here spoken of.—*Tr.*

sweep on a beginner, who but for their help would break his arms and legs.

These two neighbours of mine were very kind, instructing and sustaining me to the best of their ability. Risse was delighted with my zeal, and was so little dissatisfied with my voice that he sometimes sought its aid for his own special use. As his own voice lacked depth, he was accustomed to share his solo parts with me in such a way as to leave me the lower notes—a trick which succeeded so perfectly, that he received congratulations on the deepening of his voice. My other neighbour, Kaufmann, carried friendliness even beyond the limits of our musical exercises in common. He invited me to his house, showed and explained to me his remarkable inventions, and no one could possibly be more kind and obliging; that is to say, in general, for sometimes he did not know me, and did not return my salutations in the streets and even in the academy. I therefore concluded that he must be subject to sudden fits and strange humours, till I accidentally learned that he was blind of one eye, and that, of course, on this side his best friends passed by him unrecognised. Thus, before we are justified in feeling offended, we should first ascertain whether a particular person does not lack a whole or a half sense.

Of the other acquaintances the musical academy procured me I shall here merely mention a family called Rosenberg, which a short time before had come

to reside in Dresden. The father of the family had been a physician, had grown tired of his profession, and simply as a retired literary man, cultivated his favourite tastes. His amiable wife was a daughter of Hamann,* the celebrated "Magus of the North;" but along with her three daughters, who looked like muses and sang like angels, she herself practised no other magic than the charm which woman's grace and beauty, through nature and by right, exercise, and which perfectly sufficed to explain the attractiveness of her house. Introduced by Kopmann, I found this fresh social scene a most desirable one, and spent agreeable hours in a circle of interesting men, some of whom were so illustrious that people would have been glad to pay merely to get a sight of them. I remember seeing in the house of the Rosenbergs one evening three famous persons: Mahlmann, L. Tieck, and Richter formed the group.

To behold Richter, the love-worthy author of the "Flegeljahre," what an event that was! With the greatest excitement Kopmann and I awaited the arrival of this leviathan of wit and sentimentality, in whose countenance and demeanour and whole being we supposed something incomparably sublime would

* Johann Georg Hamann was born at Könisberg on the 27th August, 1730, and died at Münster on the 21st June, 1788. His writings are of a fragmentary character, but they have been admired for their depth by some of Germany's greatest thinkers and authors. —*Tr.*

be revealed. But the appearance and deportment of the great writer corresponded so little to our expectations and preconceptions, that unless Dr. Rosenberg had assured us that this was the veritable Jean Paul and no other man, we could have been for hours in his company without conjecturing anything more or better than that we had here before us a farmer or innkeeper from the country, to whom the tea-table was a very tiresome thing. Perhaps he was, like Hamlet, a flute on which every one had not the skill to play; or, possibly, he was not disposed to give his best thoughts generously, in order to keep them to be printed. This only I know, that, to use the simile of Shakespeare, the lute and its case had not much resemblance.

Of the singing academy I have in conclusion to state, that from time to timé public exhibitions were given, to which every member had the privilege of inviting one or two friends. I took my father with me when we sang the *Requiem* of Mozart; and, in my mind's eye, I still see him among the other hearers, sitting erect, as was his fashion, with folded hands and kind genial countenance, and listening to the music with the liveliest interest. Mozart's mass for the dead was the last music which my father heard on earth.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE GLANCE MORE AT LAUSA.

MEANWHILE, my brother had reached that age when in Protestant lands it is the habit to make a public religious profession; and my mother wished my brother's confirmation to take place at Lausa, like my own. My father did not object. He had parted with the right of interfering with the religious confession of his children; and among all the Protestant ecclesiastics known to him he liked Roller the best. It was doubtless painful to him to surrender the second of his sons to the Lutheran Church, which in his eyes was not a church at all. And he certainly had in familiar conversation made attempts previously to induce my brother to join the Catholic Church of his own accord; but the youth had been resolute and unbending. He was therefore sent to Lausa to be instructed and confirmed like me along with the peasant-children, and—as everything repeats itself in this world—as a companion of a youthful count of the empire, the

younger brother of Herr Mann and Herr Belzig. My brother did not escape the customary nickname; Roller called him Tappe. The baptismal name of the count was Botho; what his nickname was I have forgotten.

From my acquaintance with matters as they generally stood at Lausa, it seemed to me not improbable that my brother would find the place dull. As soon as I could spare the time, I set forth on a journey in order to cheer and comfort him with the sight of my countenance. One beautiful afternoon in winter I arrived at the Lausa parsonage. I expected to find the pastor and the catechumens in the court shovelling away snow or cutting trenches; but I saw no one. Very serious impediments, I thought, must those be which caused labour to rest at the accustomed hour.

I went into the house, and opened the door of the large lower room. There stood the pastor surrounded by the members of his family, and in the garb of a mason. He was in shirt-sleeves, had a large leather apron on, and held in his hand a painting-brush. As soon as he perceived me, he came towards me with a joyful salutation, seized me by the shoulders, turned my face towards the stove, and cried with an air of triumph, "Nunc judica, mi fili" (Now judge, my son).

I saw that the brick oven—one of those monstrosities common in the chief apartment of the houses of Saxon peasants—which had been formerly of a light grey

colour, was painted scarlet from top to bottom. On the front of the stove was a picture, a fresh creation. It was an eagle as large as life, and with outspread wings. This production of art did not appear to me to display the most refined taste.

"Have you painted that yourself, Herr Pastor?"

"Ecce signa!" cried he, while he pointed to the stains of paint on the apron and on the shirt-sleeves. "I have done this to give pleasure to my sisters. But now declare thy opinion, thou artist, with perfect frankness, and without regard to the person."

To pronounce judgment on Roller's pictorial performances was not a very pleasant commission. Like every *dilettante*, he was always surprised at his own success, and was, therefore, prepared for anything but blame. Nevertheless he did not wish the praise to be unthinking, to be indefinite, or to be rashly and too rapidly given. According to him a work of art should have time to exert its whole effect on the spectator before an opinion was given. This modesty, which he himself manifested even towards every sheet of engravings, however insignificant, brought forth at the annual book-fairs, he demanded from others for his own achievements as a painter.

I seized, as an escape from the difficulty, on the fact that Roller was an ornithologist. With the utmost confidence I could believe that his eagle lacked none of the signs and marks demanded by the most con-

scientious natural history. After, therefore, I had gazed at the bird for awhile, I thought I might without danger venture to express my belief that this was a true eagle, from the claw to the point of the beak.

"It was certainly not a bat I intended to paint," said Roller, somewhat gruffly; "but I thank thee, my son, for not wishing to put me to shame before my sisters."

Thereupon he, laughing, withdrew to clean himself before dinner; and I, glad to have got off with such mitigated mockery, now gained time to ask after my brother.

I was told by the man-of-all-work, Jonathan, that my brother was usually to be found in his "grotto," where he "chewed away" at the catechism. This so-called "grotto," which could be seen from the windows, was in truth nothing but a huge heap of snow, or "snowy mountain," which the two catechumens had rolled together and hollowed out in the garden—their materials of course being the masses of snow scattered about. Jonathan said that I had simply to stand outside and shout, that the inmates were sure to come forth, and that the entrance was somewhat difficult.

I went out, and found the concluding observation of Jonathan confirmed. But the pleasure of surprising my brother made me vanquish all obstacles. Entering a low and rather crooked passage, along which I had to crawl on my stomach like a reptile, I reached the

interior, and found it marvellously habitable—magically illuminated by transparent light, and as warm as a goat-stable.

"Who is there?" was the exclamation that met me when my head appeared, and when, with a "Hurrah!" I dragged my body and my legs after. My brother and his companion sat gleaming with joy on a small seat which was the production of their own genius as carpenters. But they were far from being absorbed by the study of the catechism. Tappe, at least, was busy in carving from fir-wood a small water-wheel, and the manikin who was to turn it. This affair was, however, a secret, and had therefore to be conducted in inaccessible places. But when the ice broke up, my brother placed his work of art in the current of a small runlet of the garden, and thereby gave a surprise to the pastor, who was so much amused by the ceaseless activity of the ludicrous manikin who turned the wheel, that he carefully kept the toy to the last. In Roller's "museum" it found during the winter a place of repose; but in the spring it was always repaired, placed anew in its position, and shown to all visitors.

In imagining, however, that my brother needed consolation, I had been greatly mistaken. He felt, on the contrary, exceedingly comfortable in his new home. It is true that he was less isolated than I, in my time, was; for while my young counts dwelt with their Hermsdorf kinsfolk, his young count resided along with him

at the parsonage. There they shared the whole burthen of life, and likewise the pleasures which their strict Mentor allowed or allotted them; their portion whereof, however, was smaller than that permitted to me, because the pastor probably felt less the obligation to amuse them. But the young count was of a very amiable character, and thus my brother had more frequent intercourse with Hermsdorf than had been my privilege. Their comradeship was consequently, for them both, full of delight, and they naturally had no desire to terminate it.

Both good times, however, and bad times come of themselves to an end. Easter week had arrived, heralded by Palm Sunday. My mother was confined to bed, and therefore could not be present at the confirmation. In her place my father, accompanied by me, went to Lausa; and, assuredly, he did not carry with him too light a heart. He was monosyllabic and still, and was probably deploring his religious isolation in the family. Without calling at the parsonage, we marched straight to the festively-adorned church, where the congregation was already assembled. Closely packed the members sat; the women, with their gold-laced bear-skin caps; the men, with round combs in their long hair, and buttons as large as thalers on their broad-tailed, long-tailed coats. All were waiting for the entrance of the children.

Then the bells rang, the organ poured forth its

tones, and, with their shepherd at their head, the flock of catechumens entered, with folded hands and marching in pairs. As leaders of the column were the Count Botho Stolberg and the good Tappe with his red cheeks. The sight of my brother very deeply, on the occasion, moved me. When the procession reached the altar, everything further was performed in the accustomed order, alternate singing of the congregation and the children, examination, confirmation, and concluding hymn. Whether, except in Herrnhut, where the absence of all symbolical representations surprised him, and in Hummelshayn, where there was no distinct confession of faith, my father had ever been present at a Lutheran religious service, I cannot say. His expectations, however, at Lausa were immensely surpassed. The physiognomy of the Lausa church, with its decorated altar, its crucifix, and its lights, above all, with its ritual of ancient date and traditional dignity, on which no innovation had made inroads, was still Catholic enough, or, in other words, was still thoroughly spiritual; while more spiritual than in Catholic churches were the devouter demeanour of the congregation, the full choral song, and the use of the mother-tongue. Above all, there was a priest such as my excellent father had not expected to see; for previously he had beheld Roller only in the house and the garden. Here, however, Roller appeared to him as a genuine church leader and bishop, not indeed in gar-

ments of brocade, but clothed with an unction from on high, a faithful witness of eternal truth, who, as he stood there in the midst of his youthful flock, and impressed on all the solemn greatness and the exceeding goodness of God, looked like a patriarch of the apostolic age. Finally, and this perhaps was most fitted to strike a Catholic, there was the very act of the confirmation itself, compared with whose deep ethical earnestness the Romish ceremony sinks into an empty form. My father appeared to be profoundly touched by what he saw and heard.

We remained the whole day in Lausa, where, toward evening, the members of the Hermsdorf family, and the kinsfolk thereof, and many other persons belonging to the most various classes, assembled at the long table of the pastor. With the fervour of the rite at which they had, in the forenoon, been present at church, their hearts still glowed. In this holy company my father enjoyed some precious hours, which were to him as the foretaste of heaven. Thus, he thought, would it be above when all limitations and barriers created by opinions, by confessions of faith, and by differences of rank would disappear, and Christ would be all in all. The blessed fulfilment was for him much nearer than he had the presentiment of.

When at night we were proceeding homeward across the heath, the conversation of my father, during the whole way, gave evidence of the pious impressions he

had received. He said he thanked God from his heart for graciously permitting him to see a day like this. As far as we were concerned, he declared that his mind was now at ease; for a Church which had such witnesses, such a confession of faith, and such services, could not be utterly forsaken by the Holy Spirit. How infinitely happy was my mother when he expressed himself to her on the subject in the same fashion!

CONCLUSION.

"Who knows how near our parting breath?
Swift passeth time, swift cometh death."

Such are the words we find in the old hymn; and if there is anything we can be convinced of, it is of the truths contained in these lines—namely, that time passes, and that death is near. What, however, we know not is how near death is. Assuredly my father did not know how near his end was when, on the 27th of March, 1820, the day after the confirmation, he prepared his last palette to begin the portrait of an exalted lady, the Countess Eberhardine Zu Stolberg Wernigerode. He must, however, have been in the right frame of mind, for this lady afterwards declared that his conversation had been like psalms and songs of praise, and that she had felt as if she had been in a church. The thoughts of my father in his latter years turned, as a rule, almost exclusively toward spiritual

things. In addition, the rite of the previous day had completely tranquillised him as to the spiritual position and condition of his family, and given fullest peace to his soul. This peace had shone the whole day in his beautiful dark eyes, and had lighted up his countenance with the expression of a seer who beholds unspeakable things. The interior man of his heart was already clothed with that wedding garment in which he was in a few hours to sit down at the great feast of his King.

When his own labours were over, he came toward evening into my room. There was vacation at the academy, and I was drawing, as an occupation and recreation of my own, Moses, who holds on high the serpent, to which those who were bitten came to be healed. My father looked at the sketch with interest. He seemed to be satisfied with my conception, and promised that I should execute this picture in oil as soon as I knew how to handle the brush. Then he said that as he found me so well occupied, he would not disturb me, otherwise he would have asked me to accompany him to Loschwitz, where he wanted to see how his house was getting on. The drawing by itself would not have detained me; but the singing academy intended that very evening to rehearse some music consecrated to Christ's passion, and which was to be performed on Good Friday. I could not, therefore, be absent. My father regarded this as a valid excuse, and went alone, as he usually did. My heart

burned within me when he had left me; for on this day he had been exceedingly soft and kind—had even praised my work, which he seldom did, and had given me the conviction that he was satisfied with me. This feeling filled me with great gladness of heart as I went to the old post-house in the Pirna Street, where we had our concert-hall.

A piece of music entirely new, "The Seven Words" of Haydn, was rehearsed, and rapturously I sang with the others the magnificent choruses; but when we came to the passage—

> "When with death we wrestle, fight,
> And from hearts that pine and bleed
> Burning sighs to thee take flight,
> Grieving mother, help our need!"—

I was seized by such painful emotion that my voice forsook me. Neither in the words nor in the music could the cause of such profound excitement be sought; but both of them pierced my soul so potently that this passage, though I never heard it again, was alike as to words and music stamped indelibly on my soul. In marvellous fashion rushed before my imagination my beloved father struggling with death, and it seemed to me as if this prayer to the Holy Virgin had burst from his breast. I could not control myself, rushed into an adjoining room, and broke into a flood of tears.

Ere long Kaufmann came to me, who had been struck by my disappearance, placed himself near me,

and sympathetically asked what had befallen me. I was unable to say anything, except that this particular passage had had on me the deepest, the strangest effect. Kaufmann, on whom the passage had not made the slightest impression, could not understand this. He reasoned with me as wisely as he could, and led me back to the hall; but my sadness refused to leave me. Before my soul death stood terrible and inexorable. I saw the struggles of the dying man; I heard his last hot sighs, and the cry of agony—

"Grieving mother, help our need!"—

haunted my ear and my heart the whole evening.

When I came home and did not find my father there, the most horrible anxiety took possession of me. I immediately left the house, and ran in the bright moonlight in the direction of our country residence to meet my father. Here all were asleep, and I had to rouse the vintager out of bed. From him I learned that my father had indeed been there, had given several orders, but before seven o'clock had left to go home.

At full speed I rushed back toward Dresden, and knocked up the people at Findleader's place, and at the Linke Baths, to inquire whether, feeling perhaps unwell, he had not called. But no one had seen him. Therefore I imagined it to be possible that he had paid a visit to some one in the city, and that he had reached home hours ago. This conjecture proved to

be as baseless as all the others, and we spent the night in unspeakable anguish.

Very early next morning I acquainted the police with the affair. Policemen and dogs were given me to explore the region. Träger, whom I met in the street, joined us. At the Linke Baths we broke into two parties—each party taking a side of the high road. The dogs went on exploring before us and between us. About half-way to the "Waldschlösschen" (Forest Castlet), the dog running nearest to me stood suddenly still. I sprang forward. Slain, stripped, and with his face on the naked ground, my father lay in the furrow of a field. Over me and mine "the fierce wrath of the Most High went; his terrors cut us off; they came round about us daily like water; they compassed us about together." And here the veil must fall on my further career.

GERMAN EDITOR'S SUPPLEMENTARY WORD.

WHERE the autobiography here breaks off, every reader must feel the strongest desire to hear—at least in the human aspects of the matter—the how and the why of a terrible event which fell crushingly and like a thunderbolt on a family whose life was noble and serene. Great was the excitement the occurrence at the time caused; but we may nevertheless take it for granted that it is wholly unknown to the major part of the present generation. The perpetrator of the murder was an artilleryman called Kaltofen. He belonged to an honest family of rural labourers. A brother, who was a wheelwright by trade, had been sent as a missionary to America by the Moravians. Kaltofen, who seems for a time to have been in excellent repute, at last abandoned himself to his passions, and especially to his love of gambling. Having fallen into pecuniary difficulties, he had gone, when evening came on, to the high road, in order in the most cold-

blooded manner to slay with a hatchet the first stranger whom chance threw in his way. Three months before the murder of Gerhard von Kügelgen, Kaltofen had killed in this fashion a poor journeyman mechanic, and no trace of the deed had ever been discovered. Thus also he had struck down the excellent Kügelgen, who was wholly unknown to him, had dragged him about two hundred paces from the high road, and had there plundered him. The cloak of the murdered man, with a prayer-book in the pocket, was found the day after by some boys in a heap of stones. That very day the king offered a reward of a thousand thalers for the discovery of the murderer, who, in consequence of having sold some articles of attire belonging to Kügelgen, was apprehended on the 24th of April, and executed on the 11th of July, 1821.

The investigation was greatly protracted, excited in the highest degree the interest of the public, and was elevated into one of the singularities of penal law through the following circumstance. Three weeks after the apprehension of the real murderer, another artilleryman, called Fischer, who was wholly innocent, was, the moment he was seen by a certain Jew, accused by him of having sold Kügelgen's watch, and was therefore taken into custody. This poor man, who had a very limited intelligence, who was of a timid and anxious disposition, and who suffered from congestion of the brain, was confused by the examination in court,

terrified by imprisonment, and confessed the very day after his apprehension that he had *found* the watch, but immediately made a retractation. Eighteen days afterwards he confessed the murder, with the accompanying circumstances, and likewise the murder of the journeyman mechanic, retracted two days later, confessed after two other days anew, and then made an absolute retractation, and resolutely adhered to it. Finally, when the examination was already closed, the murderer Kaltofen, after previously and persistently denying that he had any accomplice in the deed—though the jurists for some reasons thought that he must have had one—denounced as his fellow-criminal poor Fischer, with whom it was proved that he had scarcely ever had any intercourse. Partly, perhaps, from expecting a mitigation of his sentence, and partly, doubtless, from false ambition, he obstinately adhered to this declaration to the end; and even on the scaffold, after he had received solemn absolution and benediction from the accompanying ecclesiastic, M. Jaspis, he shouted to those standing round, as his last words, "Gentlemen, Fischer deserves the same punishment which I now suffer."

The public, unwilling to abandon a false faith, was confirmed in it anew by this false testimony, and was roused to fresh rage against the unfortunate Fischer.

But enough, and more than enough, of this. Any one who desires further details can find them in the

fifth volume of Ballert's "Most Interesting Criminal Histories of All Lands," or in the "New Pitaval," from which the former is a selection. Of the subsequent career of Kügelgen, the son, we offer the following sketch from the hand of one who was intimately connected with him.

After the close of his academical studies in Dresden, Wilhelm von Kügelgen went for further artistic culture to Rome. When at Rome he was betrothed to the youngest daughter of the parable-poet Friedrich Adolf Krummacher, and whom, as "Julchen," we have already met. In June, 1827, he went with his young wife to his native land, Russia, where, partly at St. Petersburg, and partly on the estates of his maternal kinsfolk in the Baltic provinces, he devoted three years to his calling. Then he felt an impulse to return to Germany. He fixed his residence anew at Dresden, lived for several years alternately in the city and at the country residence of a friend near the city, and painted during this time a large altar-picture, "The Crucifixion of Christ," for the Church of St. Olave's at Reval.

In 1834, an invitation of the Duke Alexius Friedrich Christian of Anhalt-Bernburg induced him to settle at Ballenstedt. The duke soon died. Kügelgen remained at Ballenstedt in the same relations and as court painter under the duke's successor, the Duke Alexander Carl, the last who reigned. Afterwards he received the

title of professor. During the thirty-three years of Kügelgen's Ballenstedt life, he enjoyed in unchanged, yea, in ever-augmenting measure, the confidence, the favour, and the friendship of the exalted prince and princess. Various portraits of them, executed by him, exist. The spouse of his master, the Duchess Friederike, showed warm interest in Kügelgen's artistic productions, and gave him numerous commissions. Along with several pictures of his father, Gerhard, various paintings and portraits by Wilhelm adorn the apartments of the castle. But as an artist he stood quite alone in the little city, and greatly lacking excitement, and from time to time sufficient employment, he felt impelled now and then to sojourn for a season in larger cities. In Münster and Bremen, for instance, his pictures found cordial appreciation, and from these and other places he got commissions which he executed at home. In the year 1846 he went for nine months to St. Petersburg, where, along with the court painter, Neff, he worked at the cartoons for the frescoes in the Isaac's Church.

He was too many-sided in endowments to be *wholly* a painter. The most manifold attractions tempted him into all the territories of art and science, and the mechanical and commercial aspects of his calling conflicted too much with his ideal nature. Hereto were added bodily infirmities, which made strenuous and persistent toil hard for him to bear. Therefore, in 1853, he struck into

an entirely new path, by entering the personal service of his sovereign as chamberlain. Thus, while faithfully fulfilling his official duties, he found time to indulge his favourite tastes. Painting, however, he altogether left aside. In 1863 his exalted master went to his final rest, and it was now time for the faithful servant to think of repose, for he was in bad health and was weary. By the grace of God, many blessings had been his lot during his earthly pilgrimage, all of them deserving celebration and praise. Above all, there was the noble blessing of a family life supremely beautiful and supremely happy; and for a long time the enjoyment of this family life was untroubled. But also many a cross and pang had broken his physical vigour, and in the exact degree that his interior being gained strength therefrom. Two blooming, passionately-loved daughters he had to give to the tomb. Especially he was bowed down by the death of the younger of the two, which was accompanied by many heart-breaking circumstances. The grief also was his that his eldest son, who as Prussian officer went to the war of 1866, was destined never to return. This last blow completely crushed Wilhelm von Kügelgen, and not quite a year after he, on the 25th of May, 1867, died. His death was heralded and hastened by bitter maladies, chiefly of an asthmatical kind. How willingly and joyfully he departed a few lines prove which he wrote on a sleepless night shortly before

the final scene, and which were found after his decease :—

"O Lord! my trust, my power,
If cometh now mine end,
Shield, brighten, God, True Friend,
The gloomy dying hour.

"Let me not death behold,
But let me, Father, see
Thee, Thee, and none but Thee—
Then shall I journey bold,

"In thy triumphant light,
Through death and darkness wild,
Consoled, thy happy child,
To heaven sweet and bright."

THE END.

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